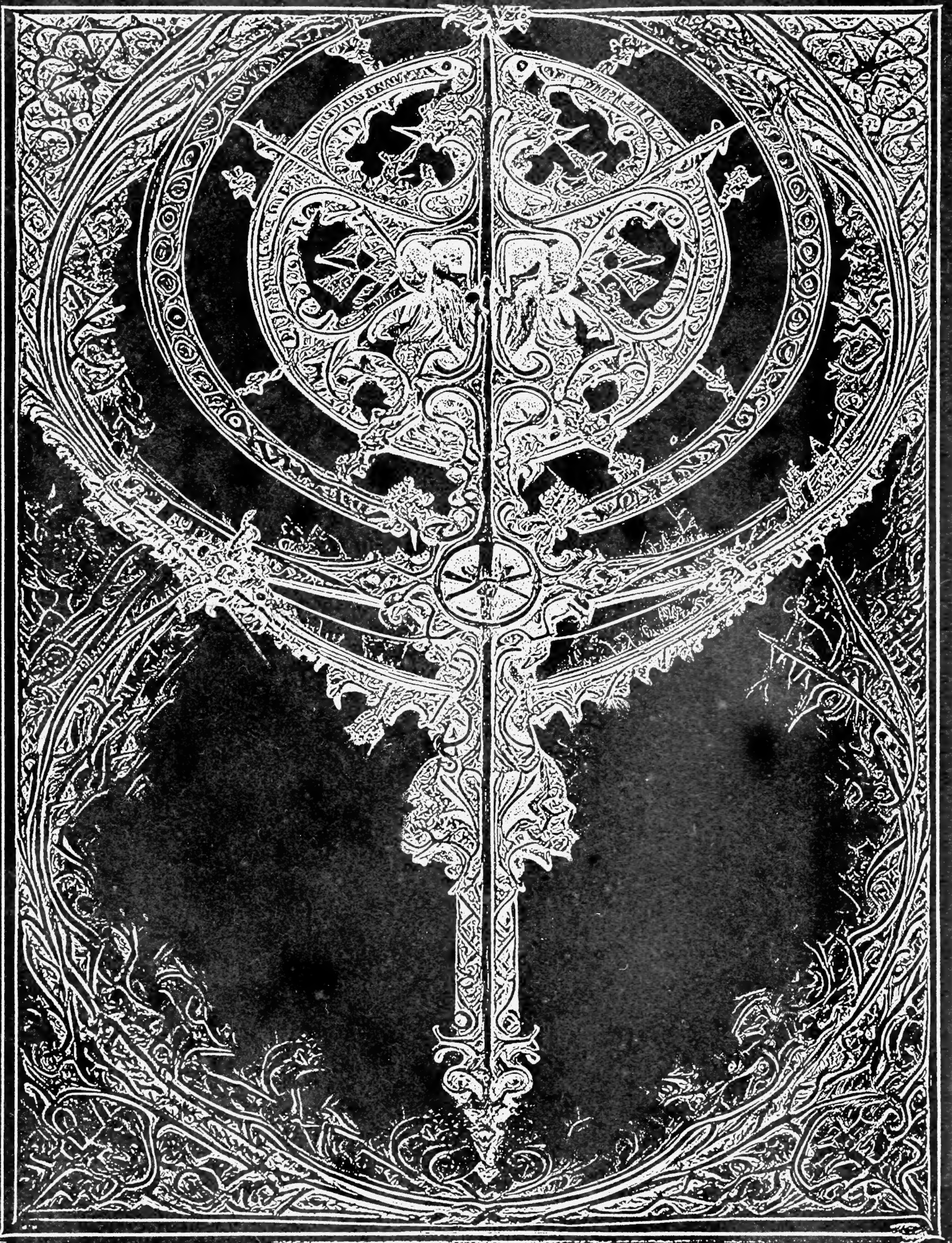


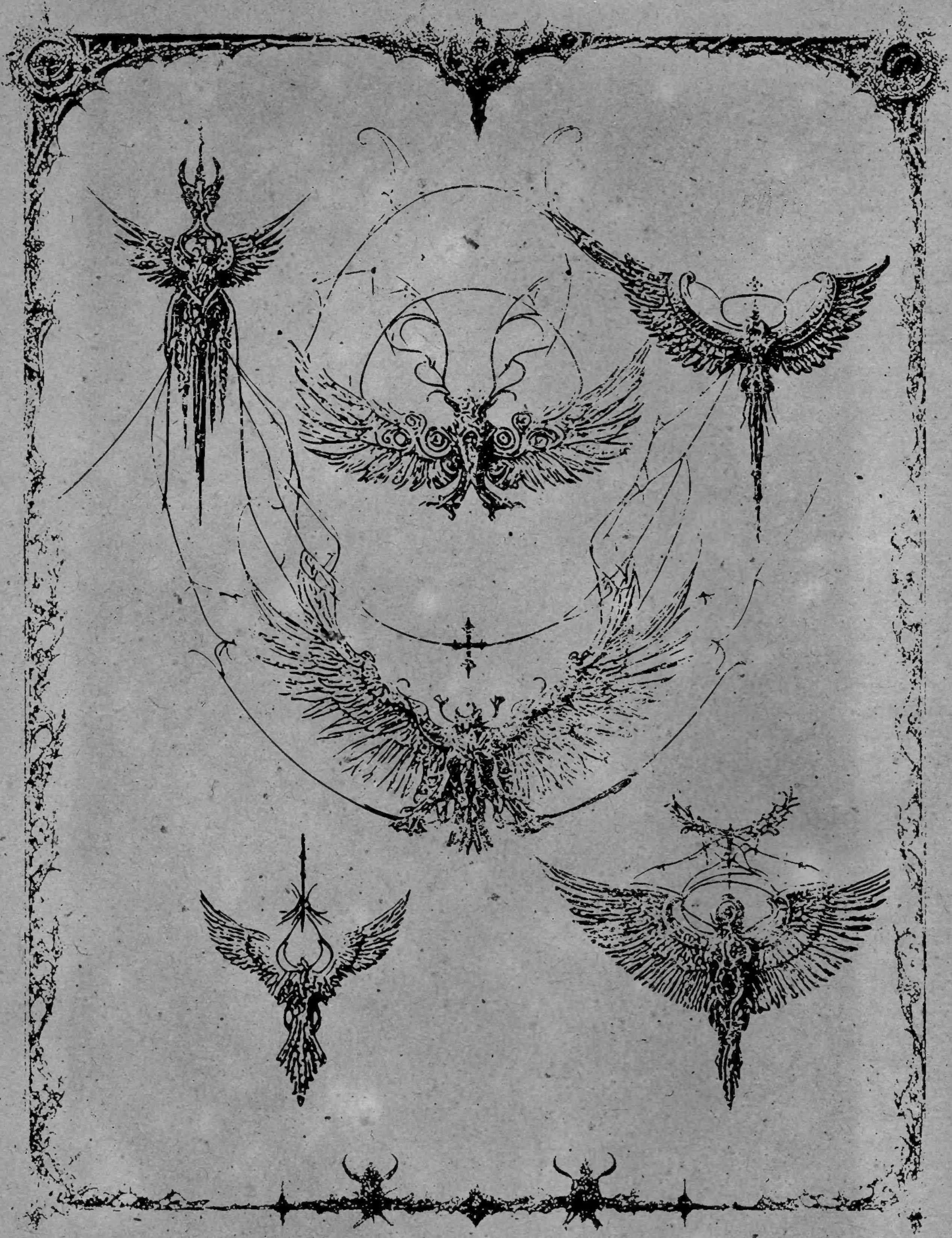


Whispers of a Dying Realm

Poems from the Abyss

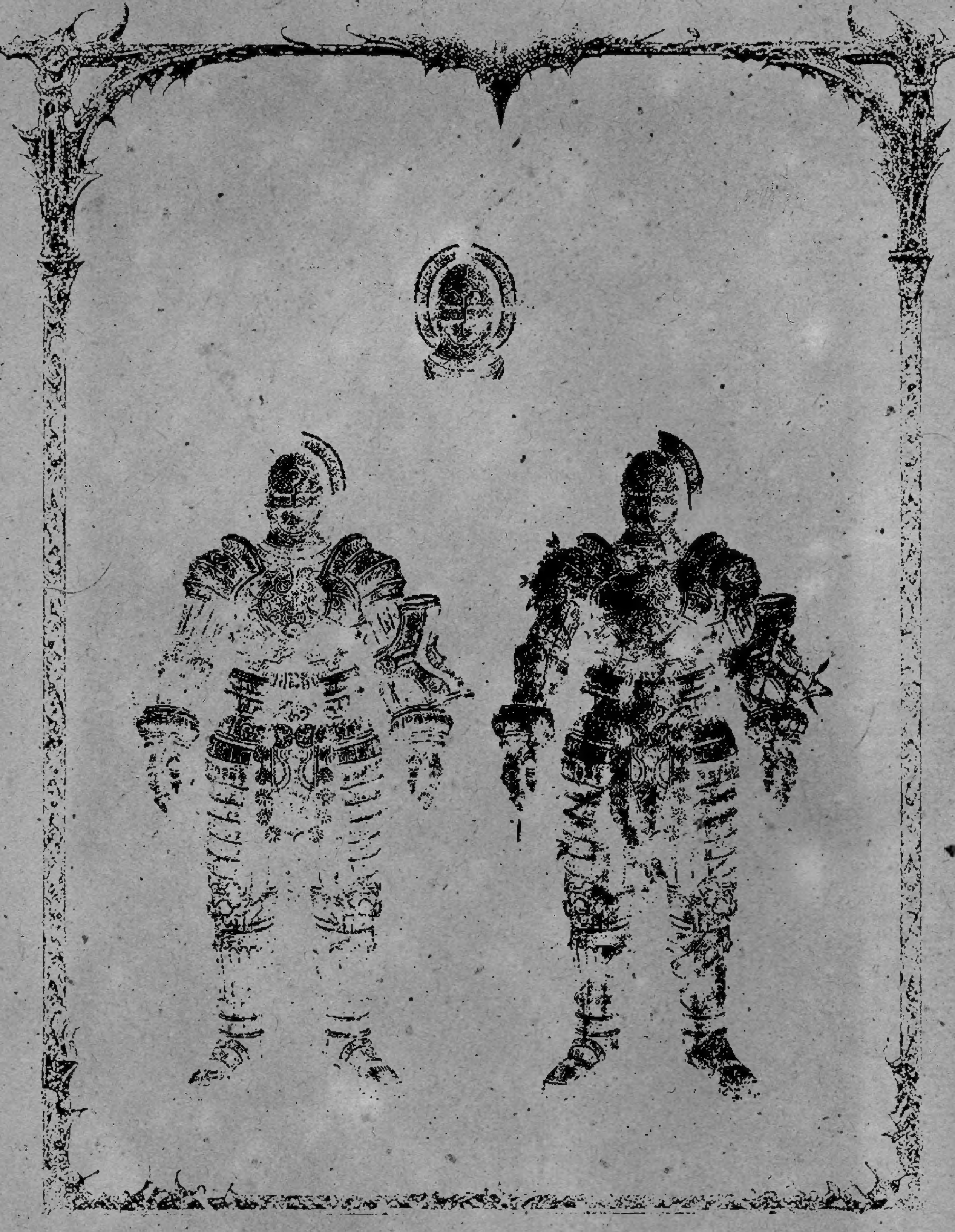
CHAPTER I





In the realm where shadows silently weave,
A knight roams, with armor rent and grieve,
Through wastelands vast, where no sun doth dare,
And the whispers of darkness fill the air.





Once bright his helm, now tarnished and black,
The burden of ages bends his back,
Each step a whisper, each breath a sigh,
Under a blood-red, mournful sky.

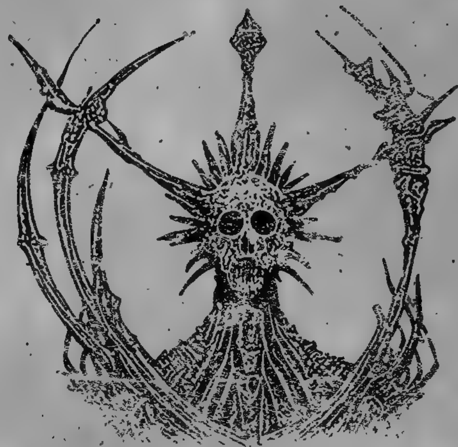
Gnarled trees like specters claw at his side,
In this forsaken world, nowhere to hide,
Ashes and bones beneath his feet,
Echoes of battles, defeat after defeat.

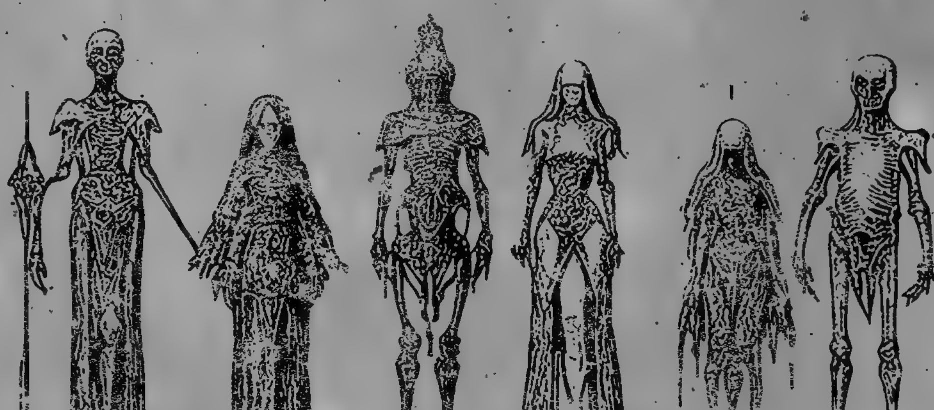


The wind howls a dirge, cruel and cold,
Stories of heroes, forgotten, untold.
Eyes like embers, once fierce with flame,
Now lost in the darkness, no end to his shame.



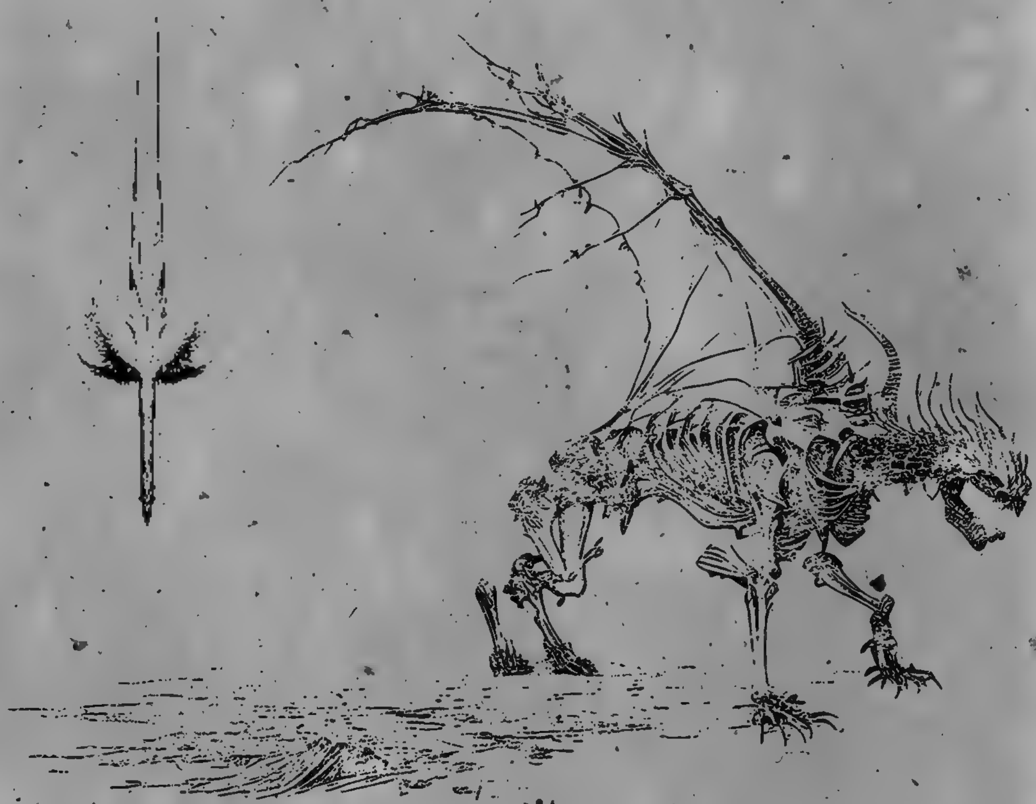


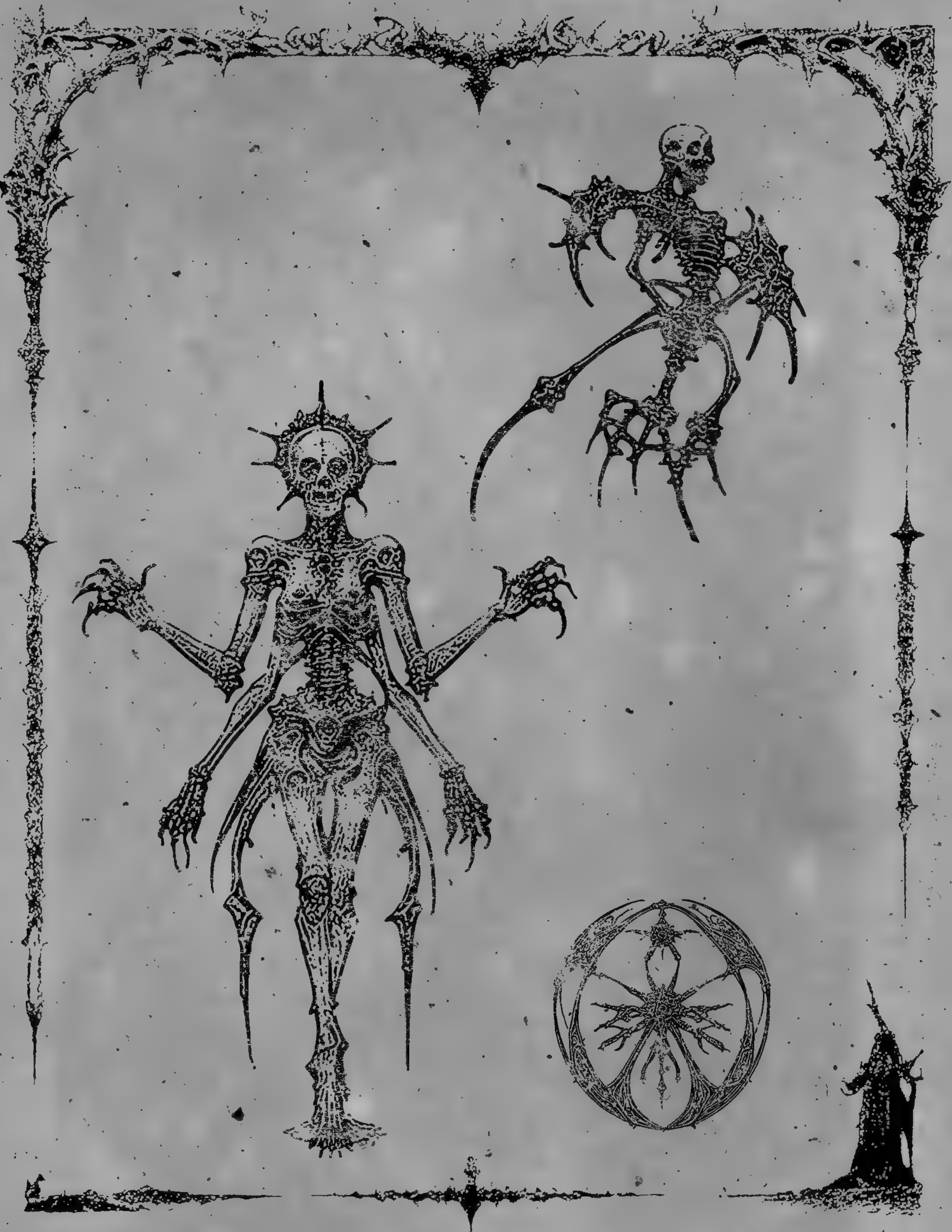




Rivers of sorrow, forests of dread,
A kingdom of silence, where dreams are dead,
His sword, once a beacon, now rusted with woe,
Its edge a reminder of glories long ago.

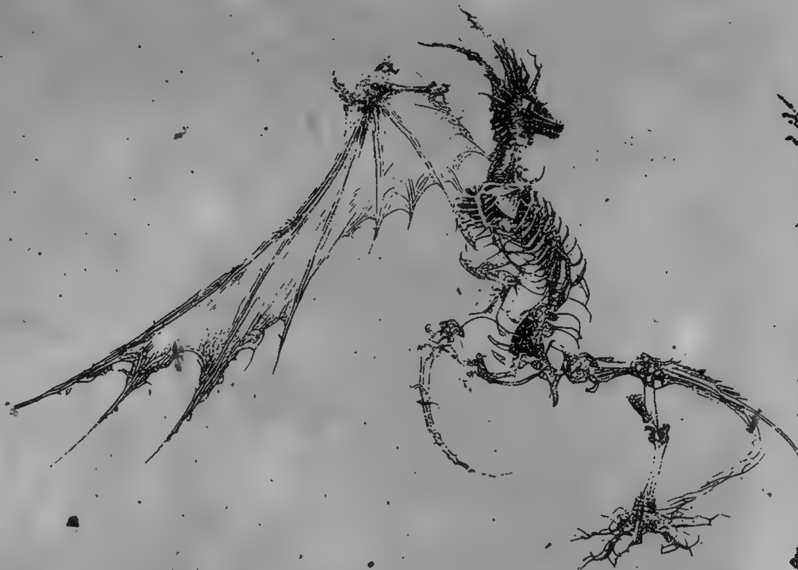
Moonlight filters through a canopy torn,
Revealing the path where the forlorn are sworn,
To wander forever, in shadows cast deep,
Where time stands still, and lost souls weep.







Oh knight of sorrow, bound by despair,
Seeking redemption in a land so bare,
Will you find solace, or fade into
night,
A forgotten figure, a ghostly knight?



In the darkened abyss, your tale is spun,
A tragic hero, whose battles are never won.
But in this desolation, a spark yet gleams,
A sliver of hope in the land of shattered dreams.

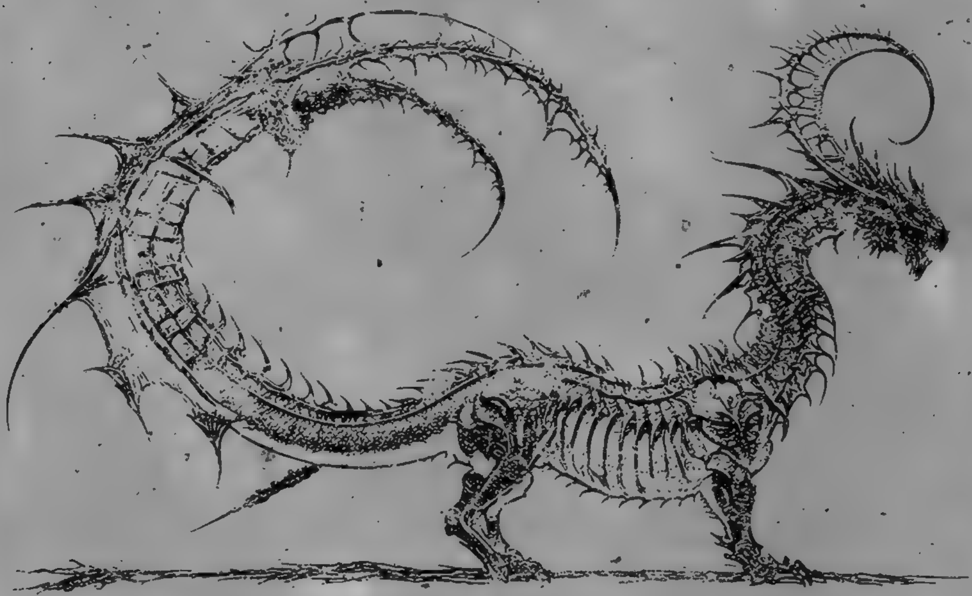




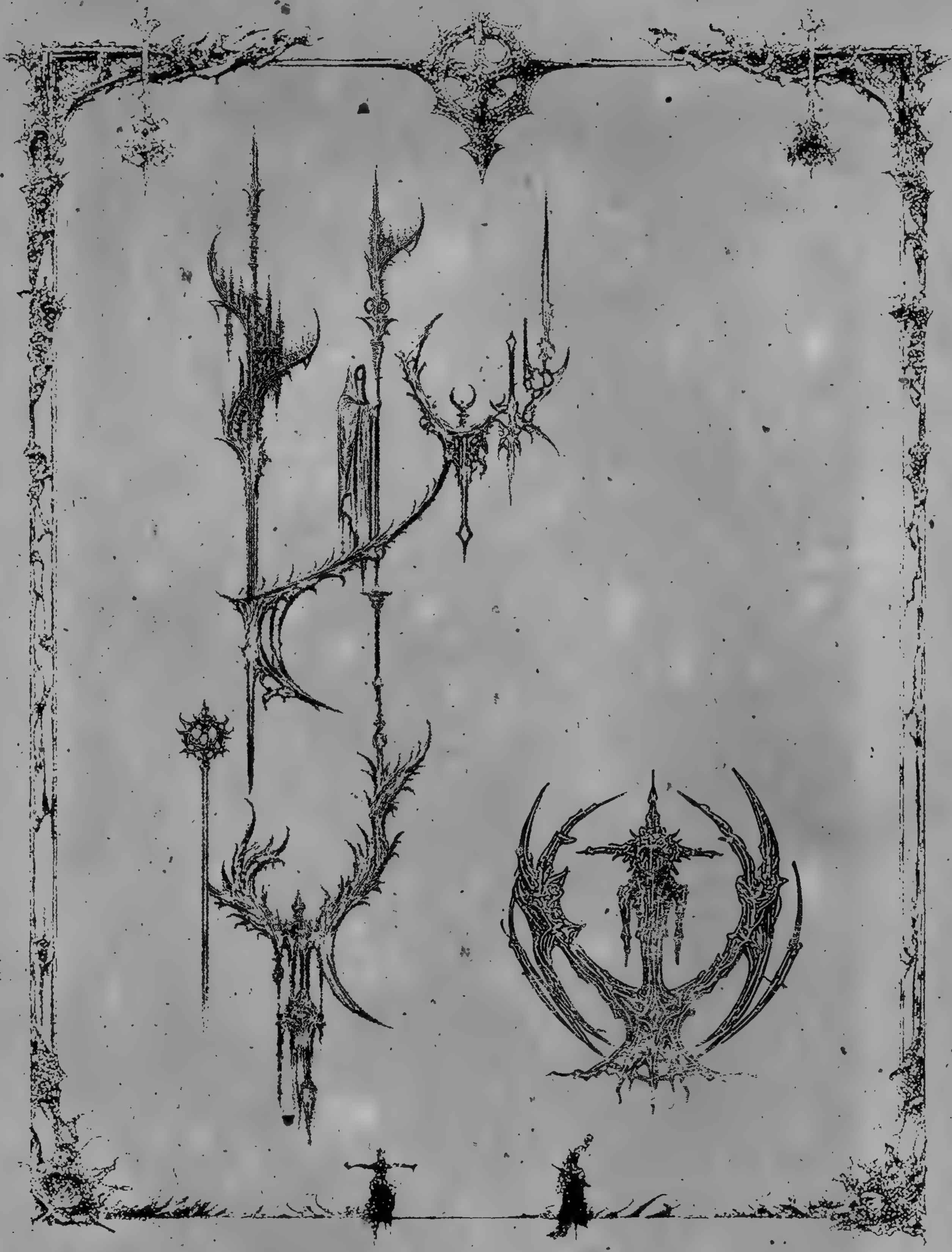


Upon a bridge of stone and bone,
He stands, a sentinel alone,
Below, the waters black and still,
Reflect his heart, devoid of will.

Mountains loom like ancient gods,
Watching with silent, spectral nods,
Their peaks shrouded in veils of mist,
As if by sorrow's lips they've been kissed.







Beneath their gaze, he treads the dust,
In search of purpose, in search of trust,
The stars above, cold and distant,
Offer no comfort, their light resistant.



In ruined castles, haunted halls,
He hears the echoes of ancient calls,
Voices of comrades, long since gone,
Their spirits linger, urging him on.

But every step is fraught with fear,
Every shadow whispers near,
The path ahead, an endless maze,
Through twilight's ever-fading haze.



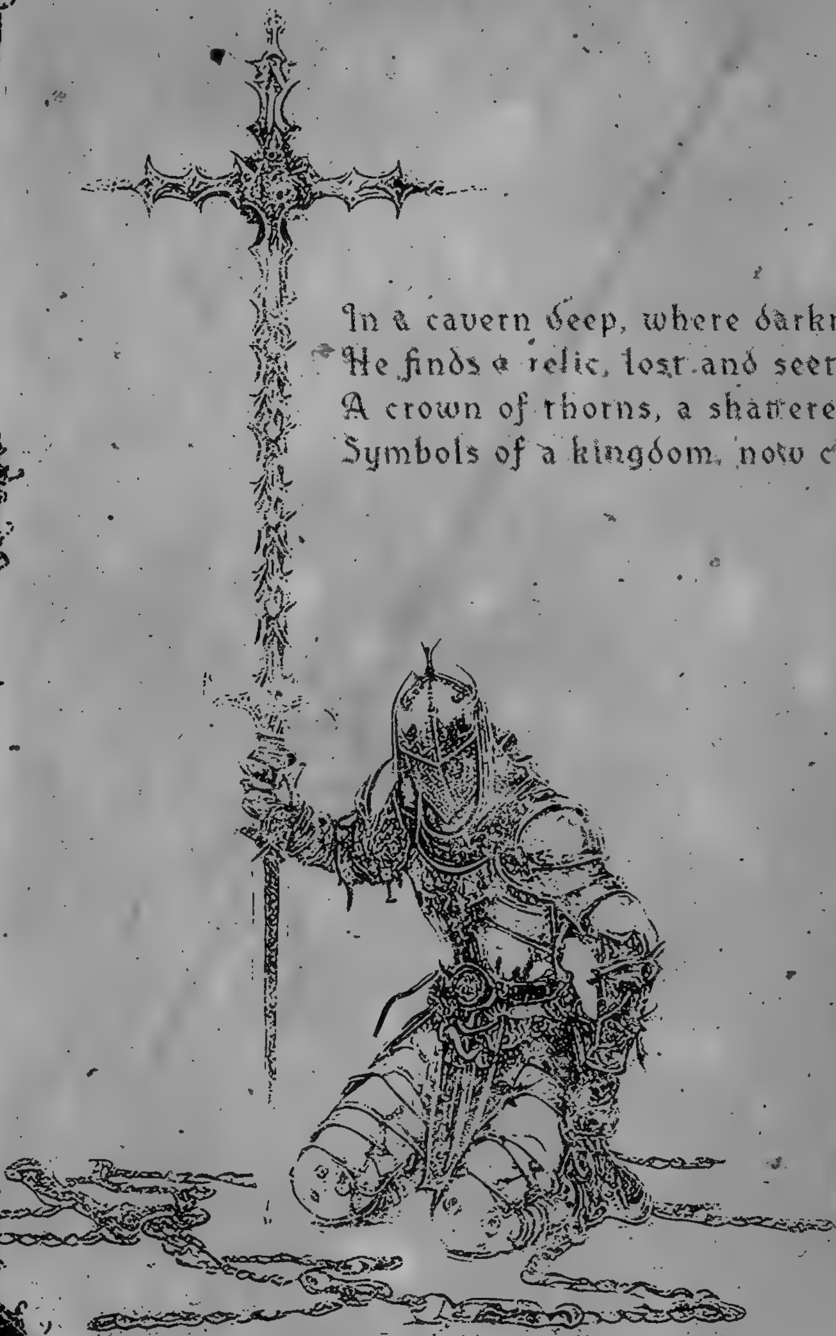


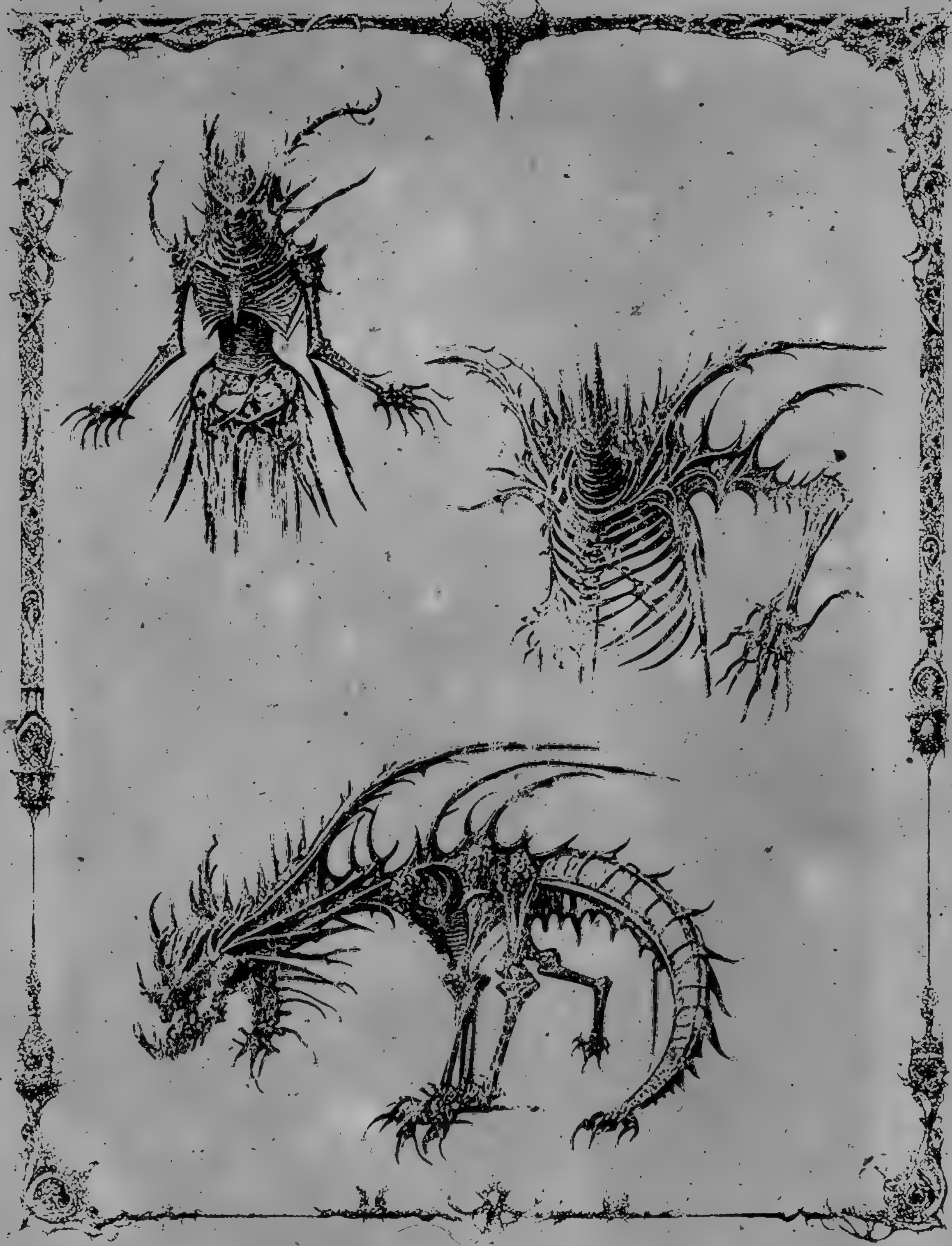




He dreams of pastures, lush and green.
Of battles won, and fields serene,
But wakes to find the world decayed,
His heart, a prisoner, long betrayed.

In a cavern deep, where darkness breathes,
He finds a relic, lost and seethed,
A crown of thorns, a shattered shield,
Symbols of a kingdom, now concealed.





He kneels before this ghostly throne,
His tears like rivers, freely flown,
"Why must I wander, why must I fight,
In a world consumed by eternal night?"

From the shadows, a voice then speaks,
Ancient and hollow, the truth it seeks,
"Knight of sorrow, your quest is true,
But redemption lies not in what you do."





"Embrace the darkness, face your fears,
Let go the burden of bygone years,
For only then will you find the key,
To set your soul forever free."



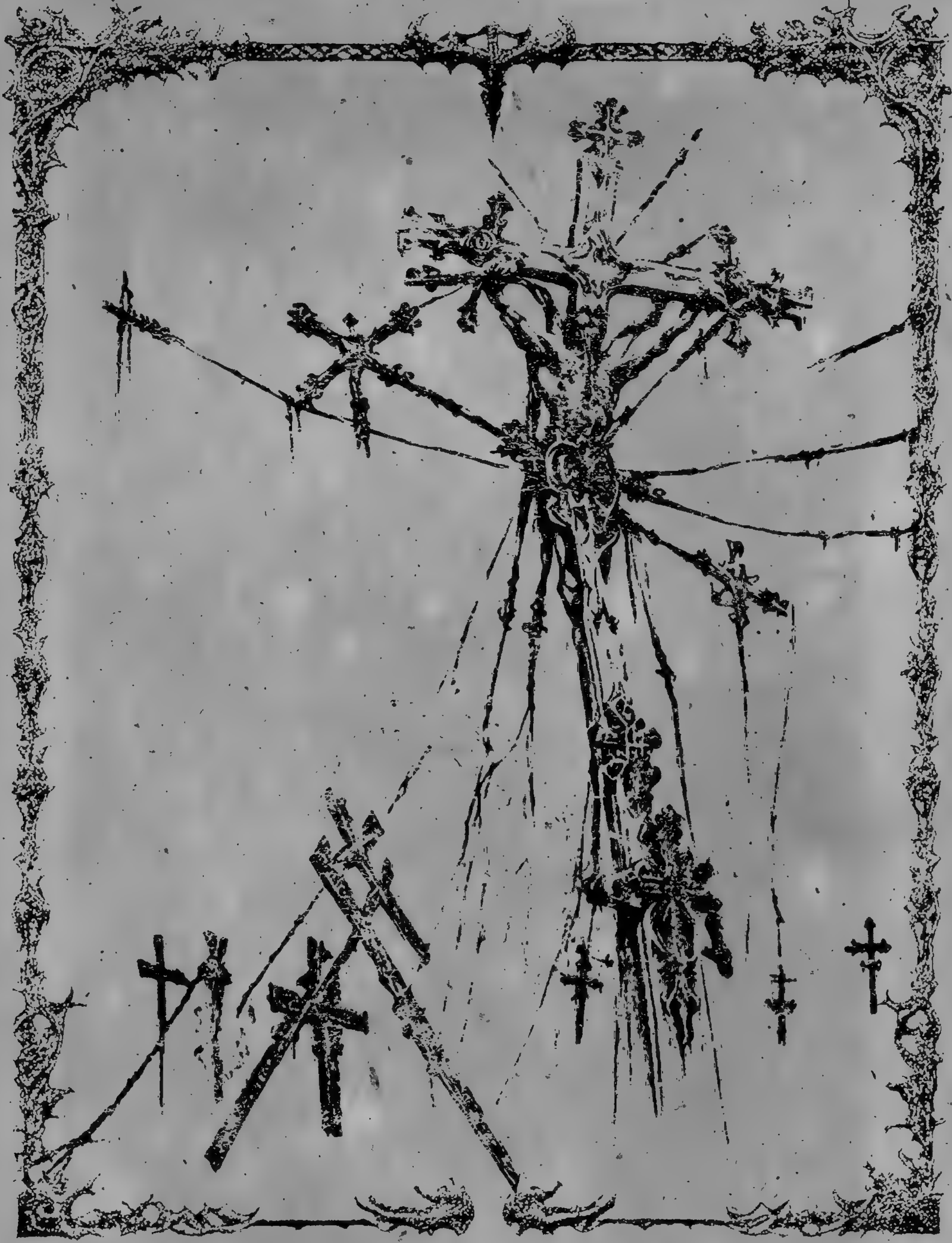
With trembling hands, he takes the crown,
Places it upon his brow with a frown,
The thorns dig deep, but through the pain,
He feels the weight begin to wane.





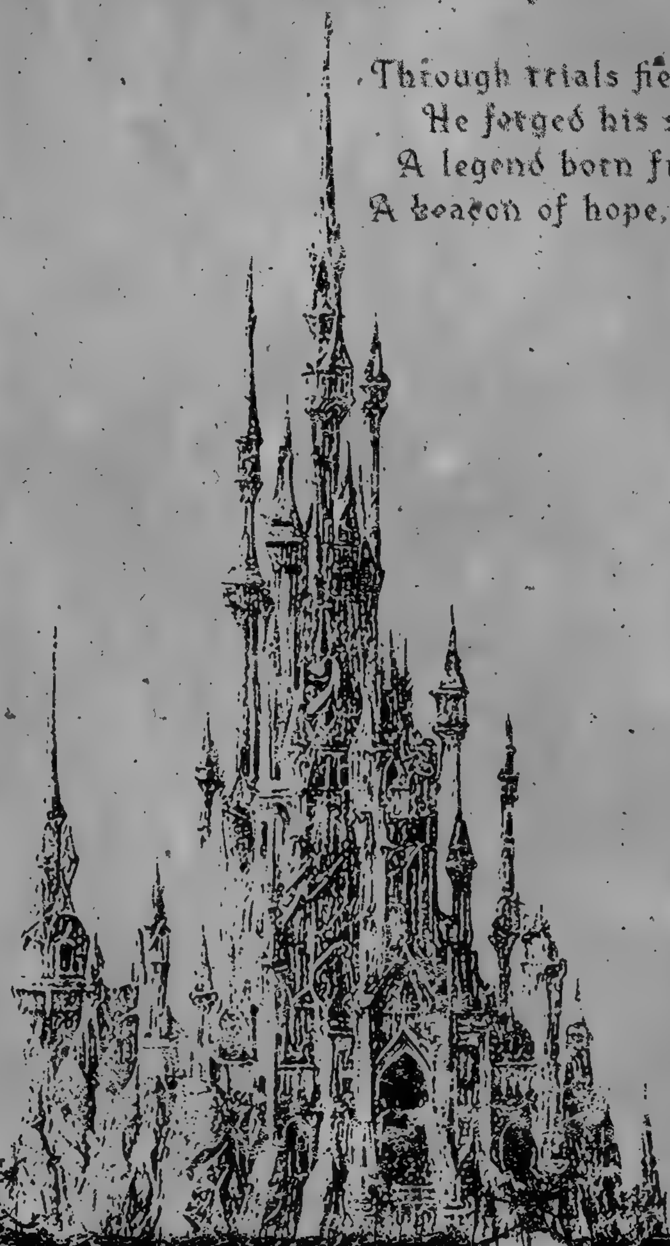
A light ignites within his chest,
A beacon of hope, a promise of rest,
The shadows retreat, the night withdraws,
Revealing a land with no more flaws.

The desolation fades, the world reborn,
No longer tattered, no longer torn,
The knight stands tall, his spirit bright,
In a realm now bathed in purest light.



No longer lost, no longer bound,
His soul at peace, his purpose found.
A guardian now, of a world renewed,
In the heart of darkness, his strength accrued.

Through trials fierce and battles dire,
He forged his spirit in the fire,
A legend born from endless night,
A beacon of hope, the eternal knight,



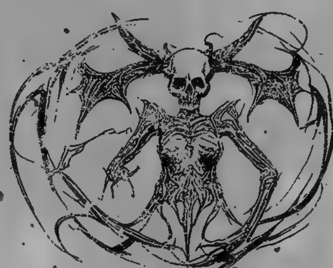




CHAPTER II



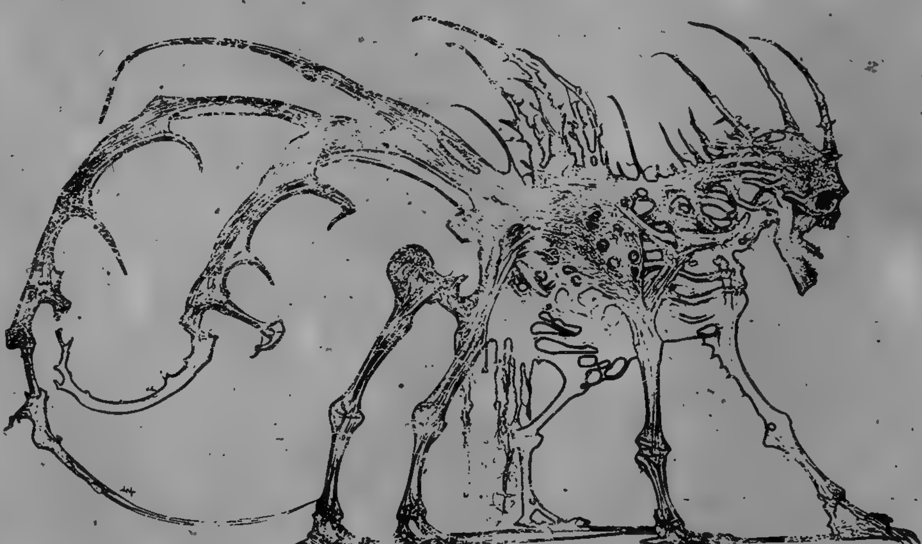




In a land where the sun has ceased to rise,
A knight wanders, with sorrow in his eyes,
Through valleys where shadows cling and crawl,
And the echoes of silence encompass all.

His armor, once a symbol of might,
Now dulled by tears and endless night,
Each stride a testament to battles past,
In a world where light and hope cannot last.



The forests whisper secrets old,
Of heroes fallen, stories untold,
Branches like fingers grasp at his soul;
In this cursed realm, where darkness takes its toll.







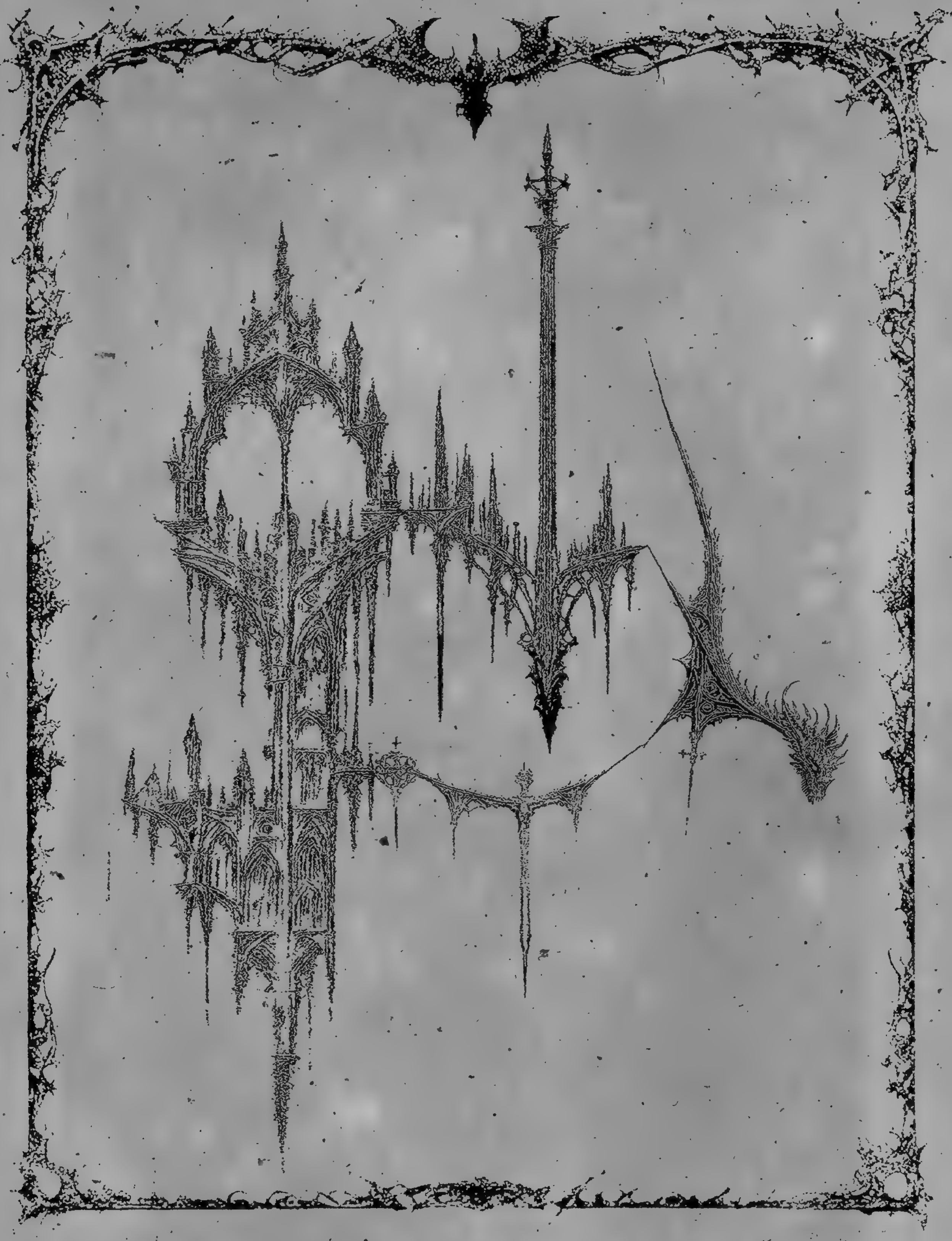
Rivers of shadow, lakes of despair,
Reflections of anguish, no comfort there,
His sword, a relic of brighter days,
Now drips with sorrow, lost in the haze.

Beneath the watchful eyes of dead stars,
He roams the wasteland, bearing his scars,
The moon, a ghostly sentinel pale,
Watches his journey, a solemn tale.

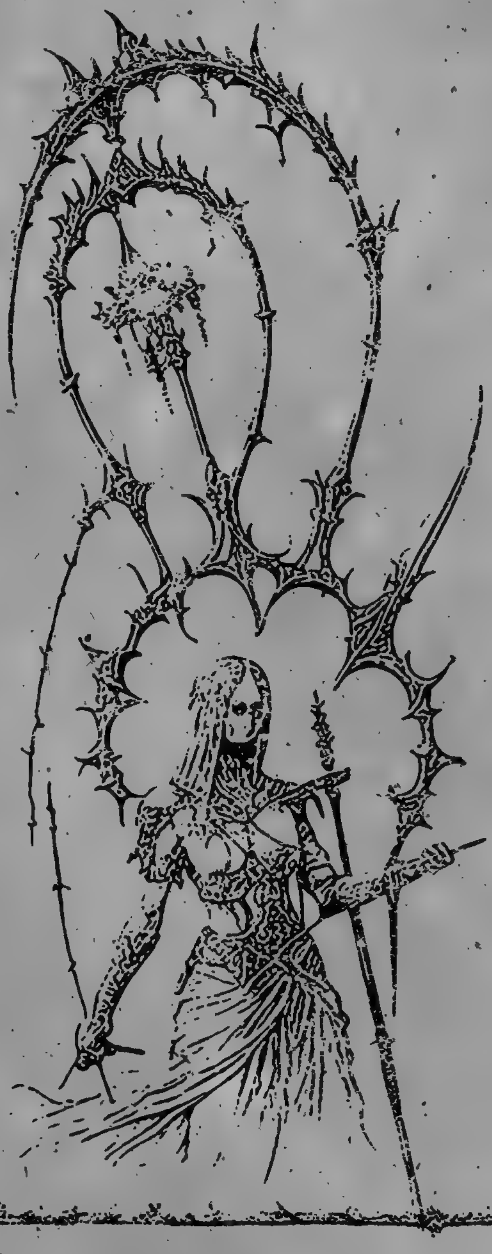


Through ruined temples and broken gates,
He searches for something to alter fates,
The wind carries whispers, cold and stark,
Of a kingdom lost in the endless dark.





Through ruined temples and broken gates,
He searches for something to alter fates.
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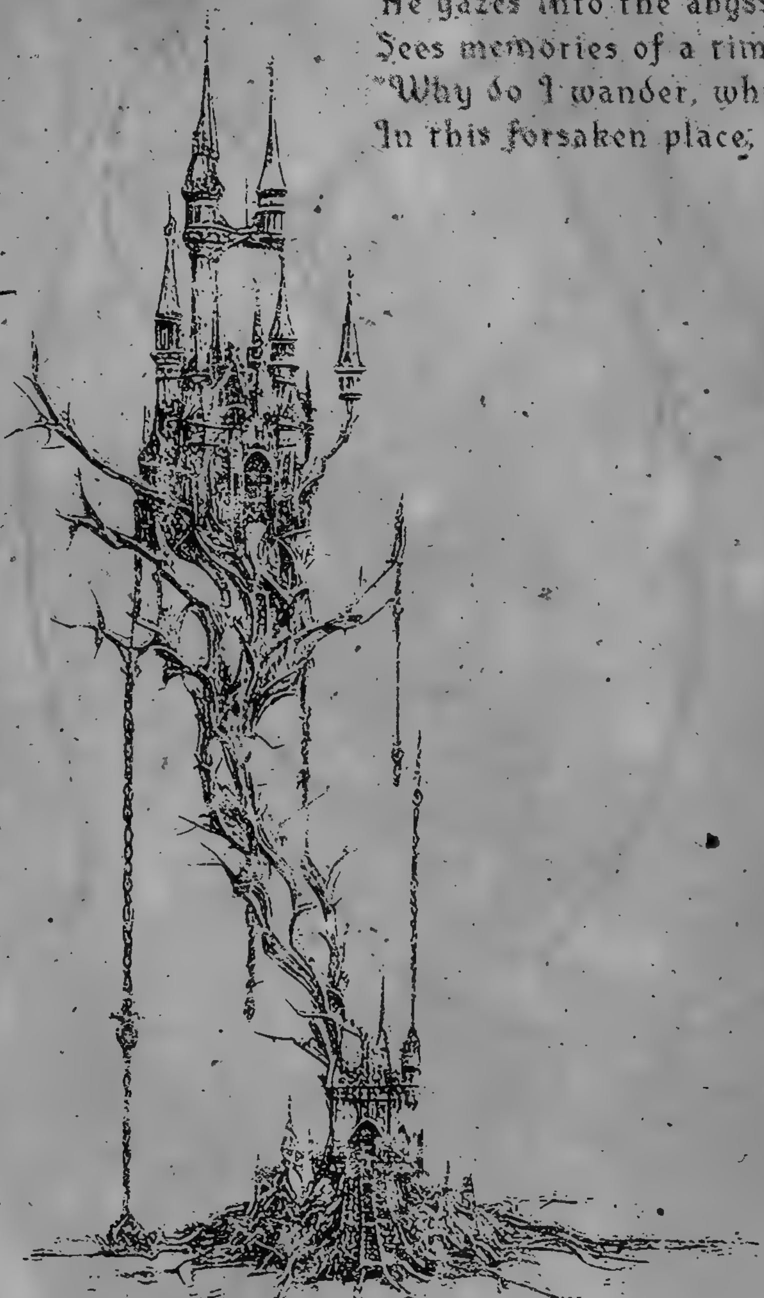




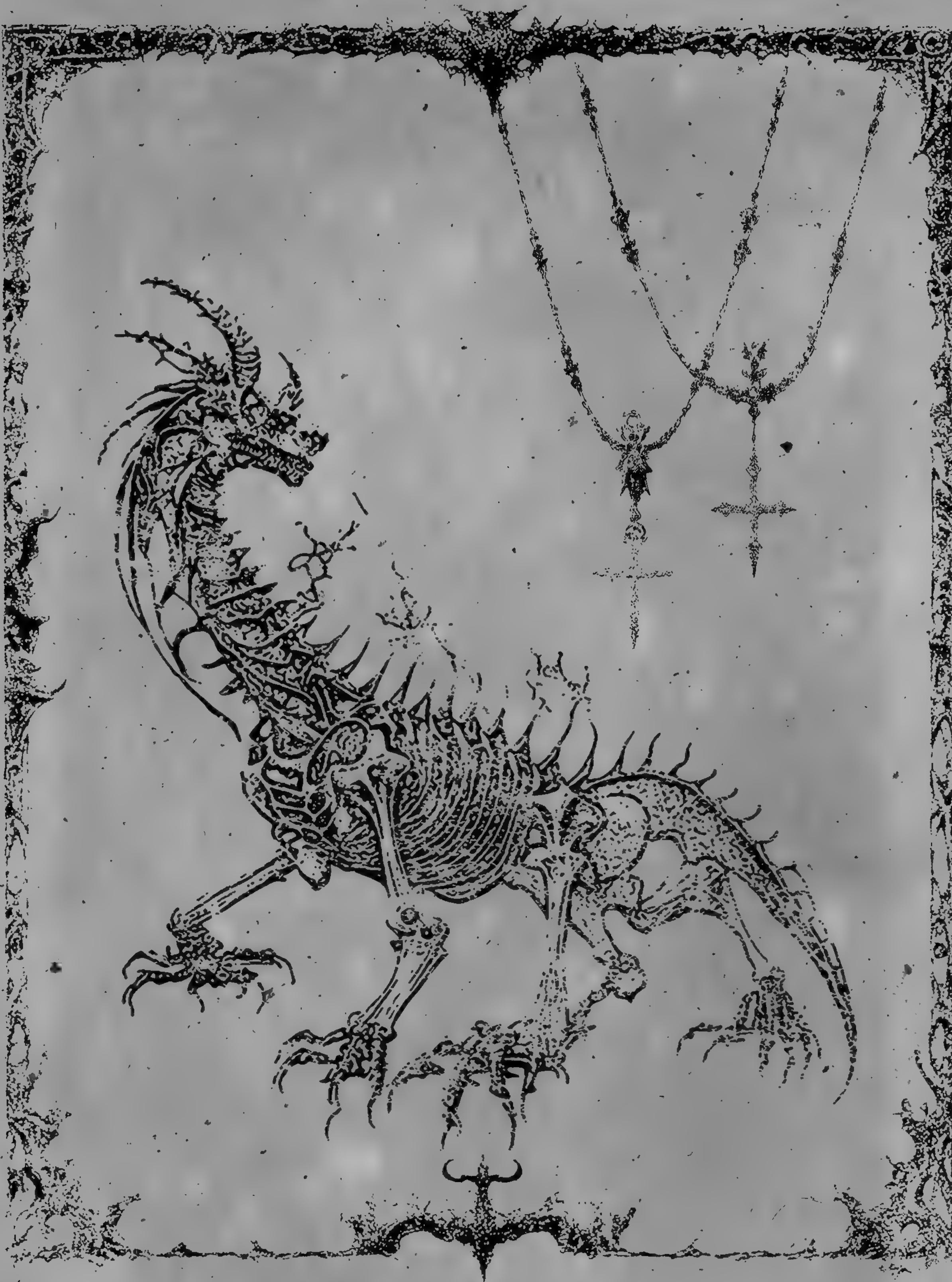
In a dark church, by sorrow carved,
He finds an artifact, with runes starved,
A chalice cracked, a mirror black,
Relics of a world that won't turn back.



He gazes into the abyssal glass,
Sees memories of a time now past,
"Why do I wander, why do I strive,
In this forsaken place, am I alive?"

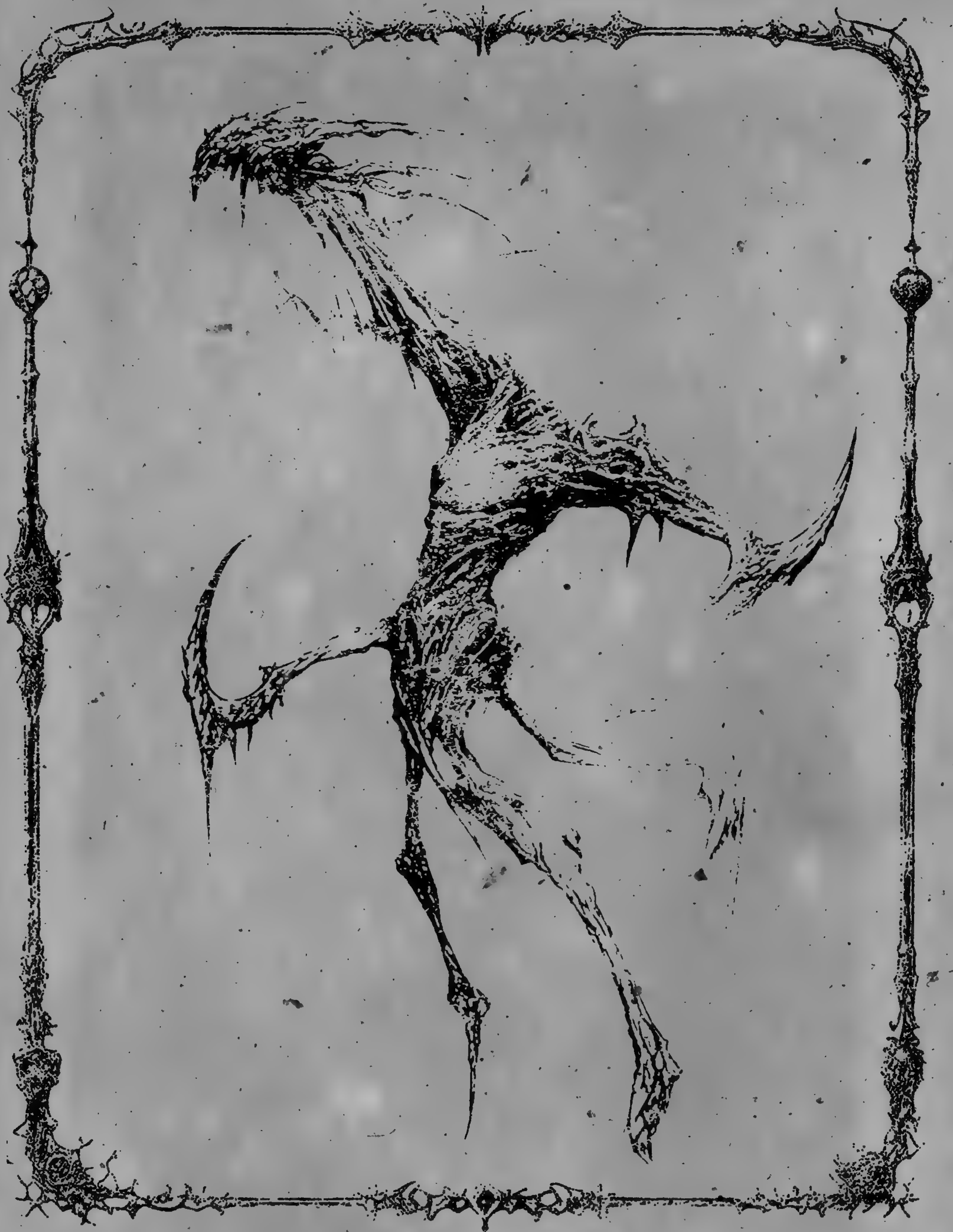






From the depths a voice replies:
Ancient and weary beneath dark skies,
"Knight of sorrow, your path is steep,
But redemption lies in what you seek."









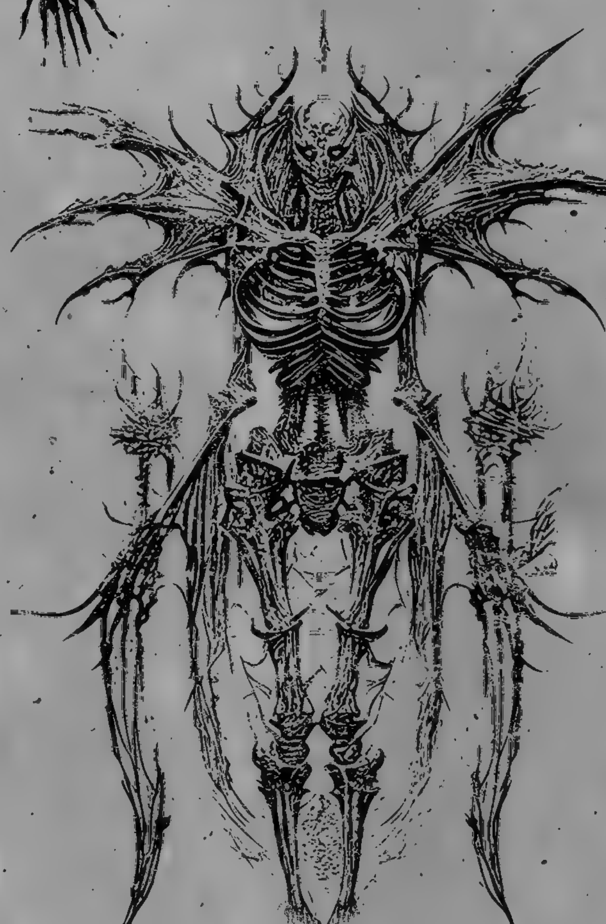
"Face the darkness, embrace the night,
For only then will you find the light,
Let go of pain, let go of fear,
And the dawn you seek will soon be near."

With a heavy heart, he lifts the chalice,
Drinks deeply of the bitter malice.
The shadows recede, the night grows thin,
A spark ignites, a fire within.

The world around him starts to change,
No longer cold, no longer strange,
The trees regrow, the rivers clear,
The sun returns, the end of fear.











He stands upon a hill reborn,
No longer weary, no longer torn.
A knight renewed, with purpose clear,
In a land where darkness disappears.

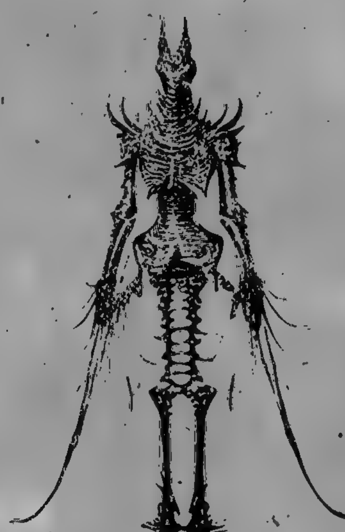
No longer lost, no longer alone,
His soul at peace, his heart a stone,
A guardian now of a world so bright,
In the heart of darkness, he found the light.

Through endless trials and nights so black,
He forged his spirit, never looking back,
A legend now, of a realm restored,
A beacon of hope, forever adored.







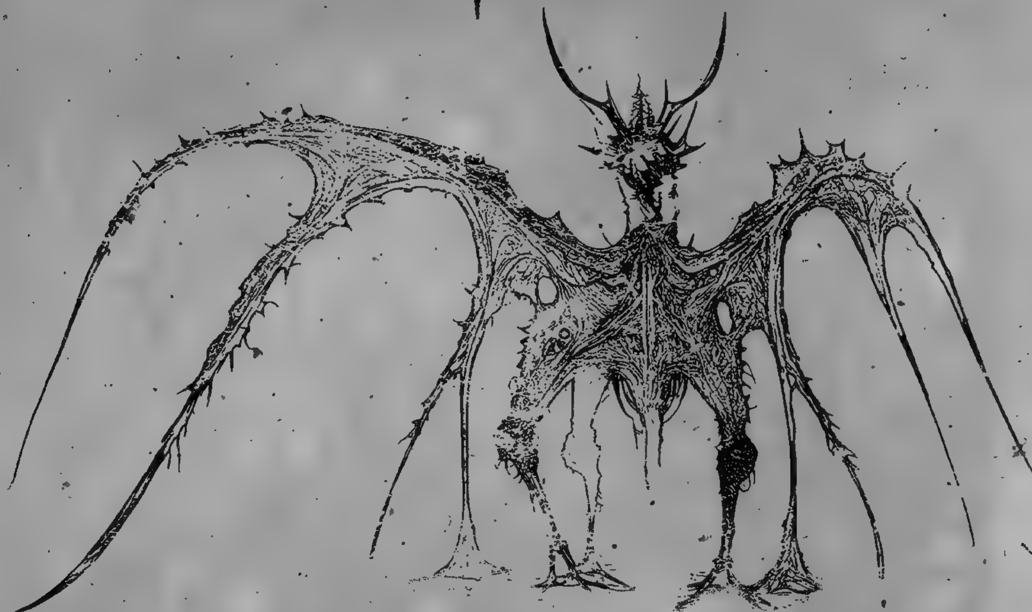
CHAPTER III



In the shadowed vale where no sun does rise,
Beneath a canopy of starless skies,
A queen does wander, lost and forlorn,
In a realm where light has never been born.

Her crown, a relic of a brighter age,
Now tarnished with the weight of endless rage.
Her kingdom, once a beacon, bright and fair,
Is now but ashes, scattered through the air.

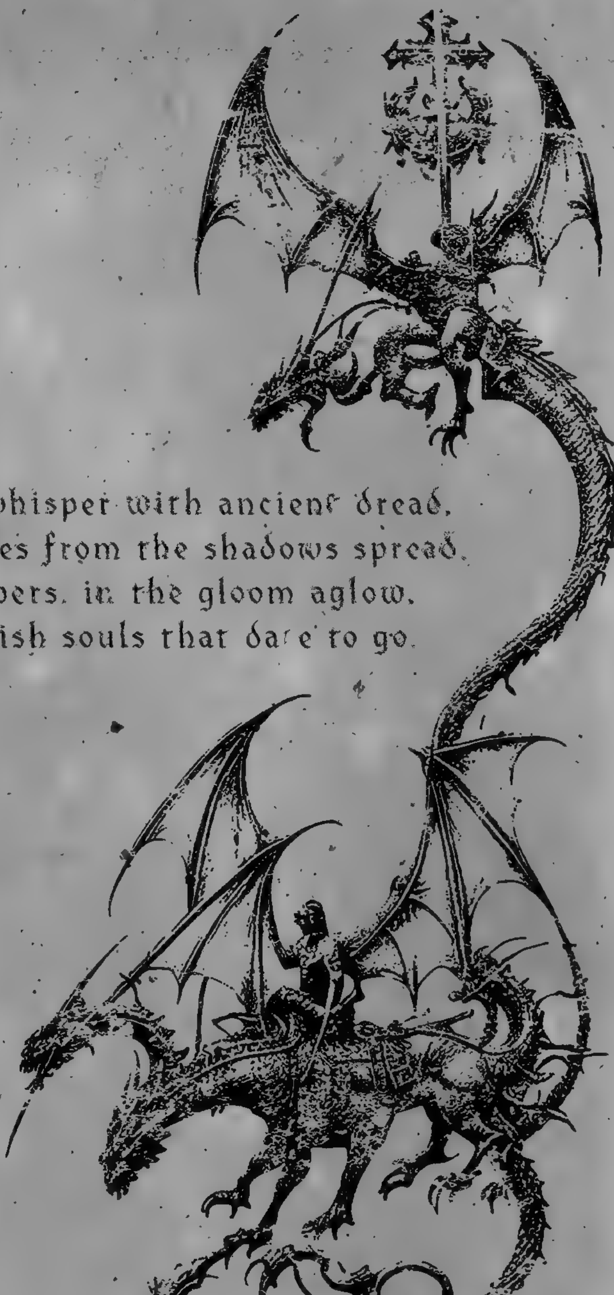




The dragons rule the heavens with their might,
Their wings eclipse the moon, obscure the night.
Their breath, a furnace, scorching all it meets,
Leaves naught but charred remains and ghostly
streets.



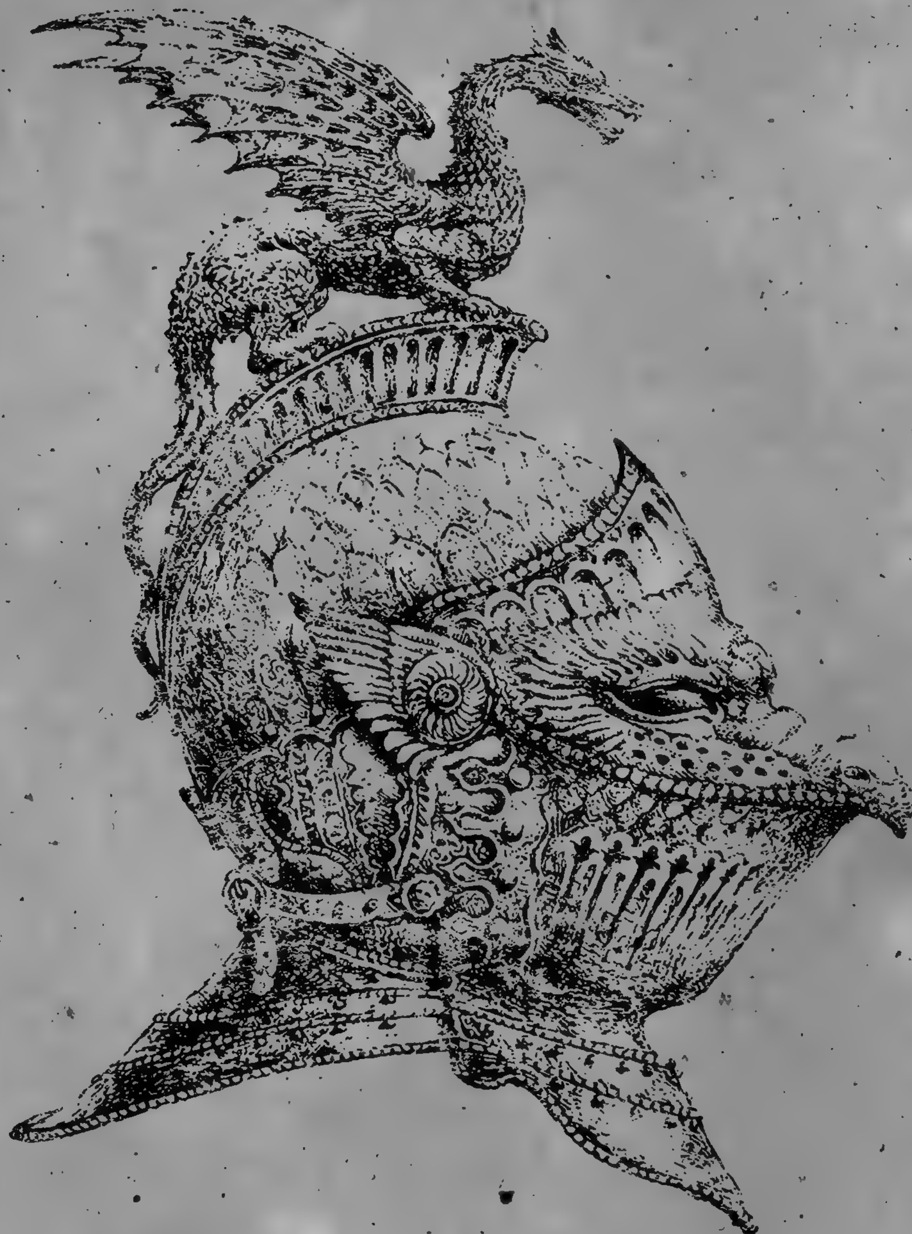
The darkened woods whisper with ancient dread,
Where twisted creatures from the shadows spread.
Their eyes, like embers, in the gloom aglow,
Hunt down the foolish souls that dare to go.



From cliffs of jagged stone and fields of bone,
The queen walks, haunted, evermore alone.
Her gown, once white as snow, now stained with grief,
Torn by the thorny brambles of disbelief.

Her steps are echoed by the cries of ghosts,
The wails of those who paid the ultimate costs,
Their voices, whispers in the midnight breeze,



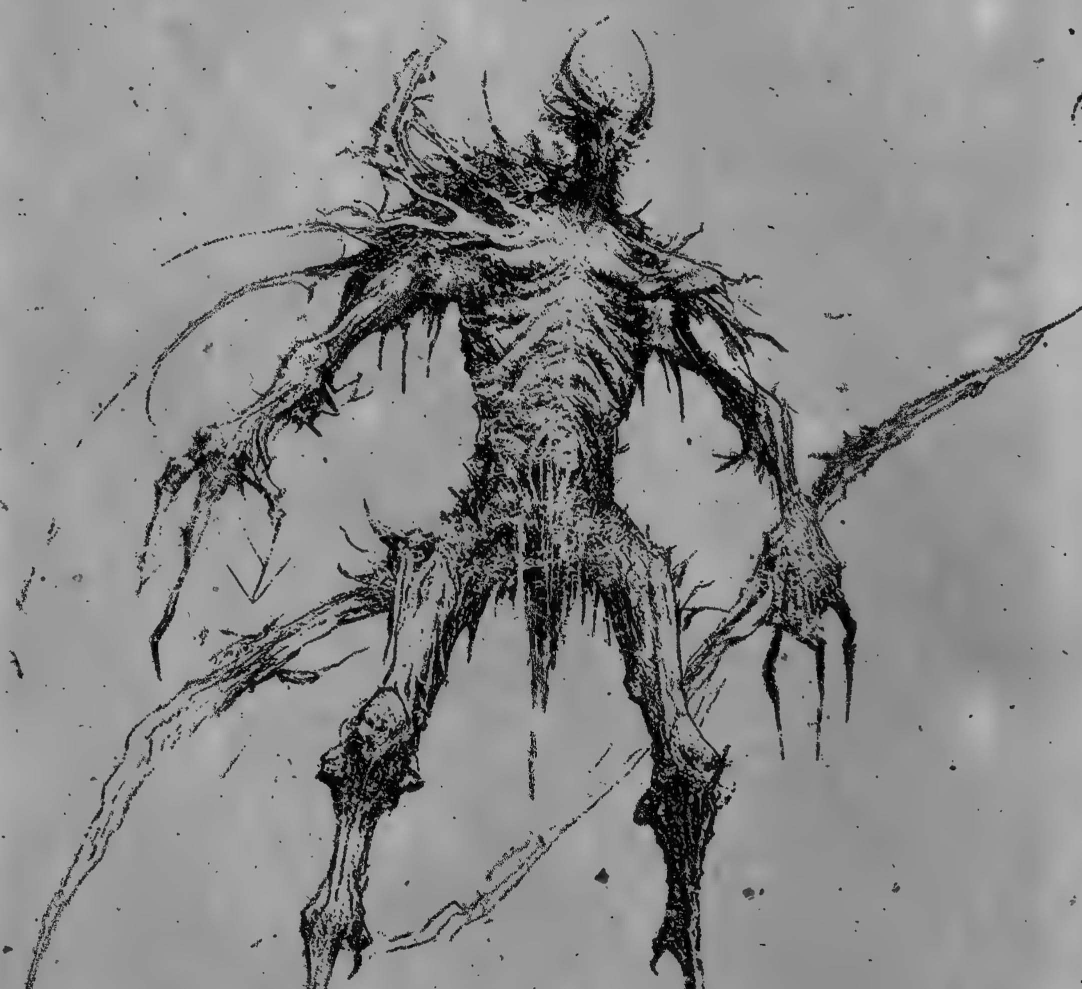


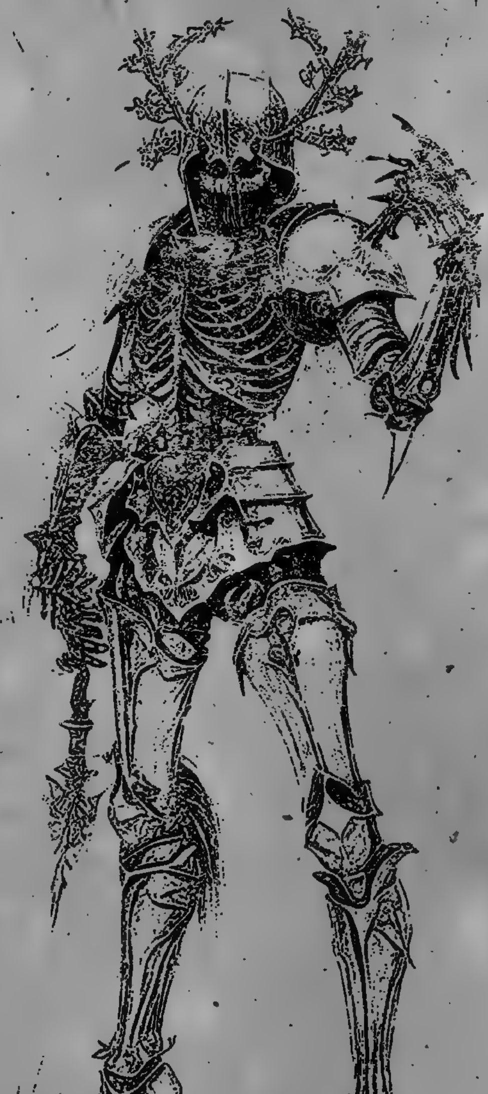


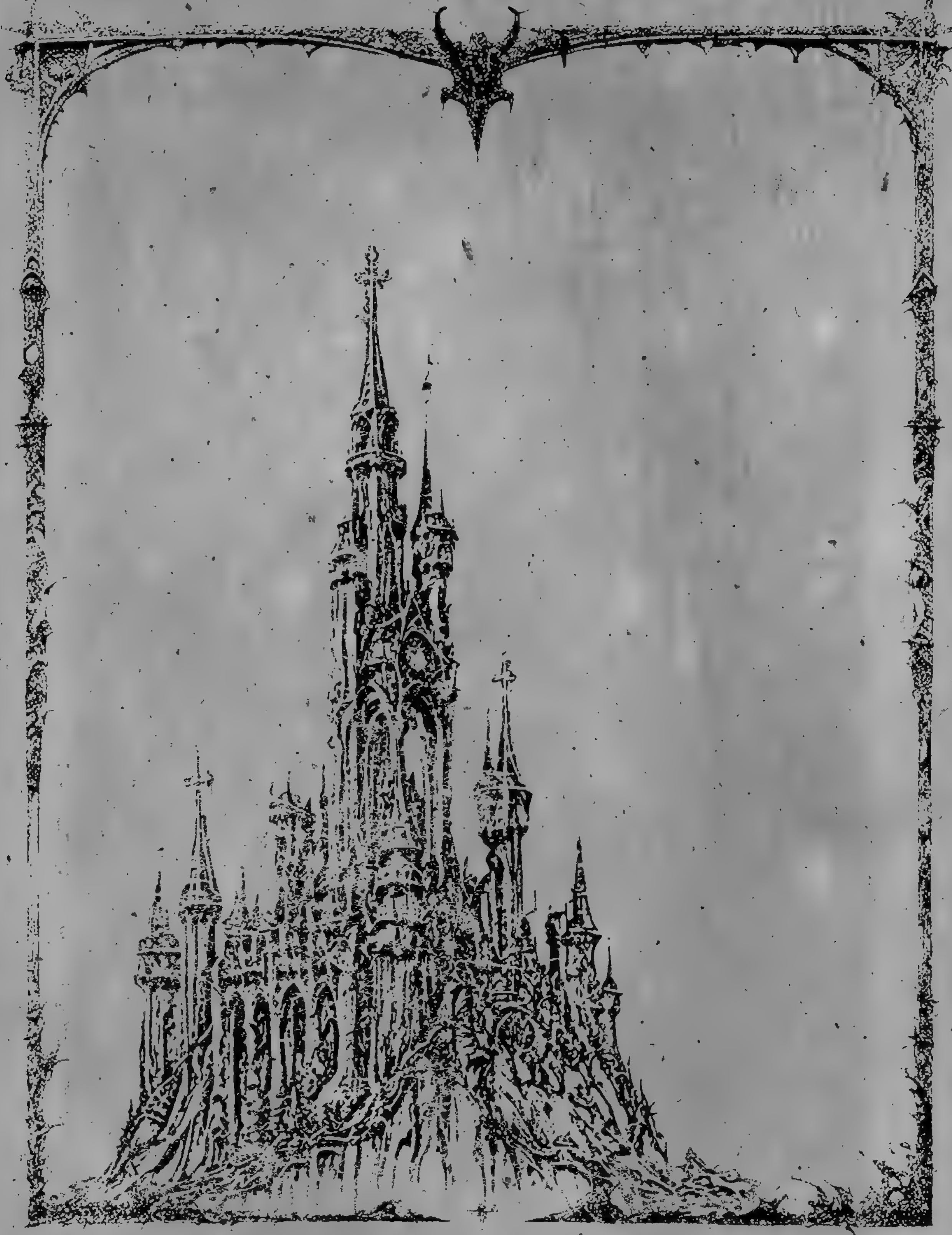
The once blue rivers run a crimson stream,
A testament to shattered hopes and dreams.
No flower blooms, no songbird dares to sing.
In this domain where death is truly king.



Yet through the darkened land she carries on,
Her eyes, though weary, search for distant dawn.
For somewhere, deep within her haunted mind,
She holds a spark of hope, though ill-defined.

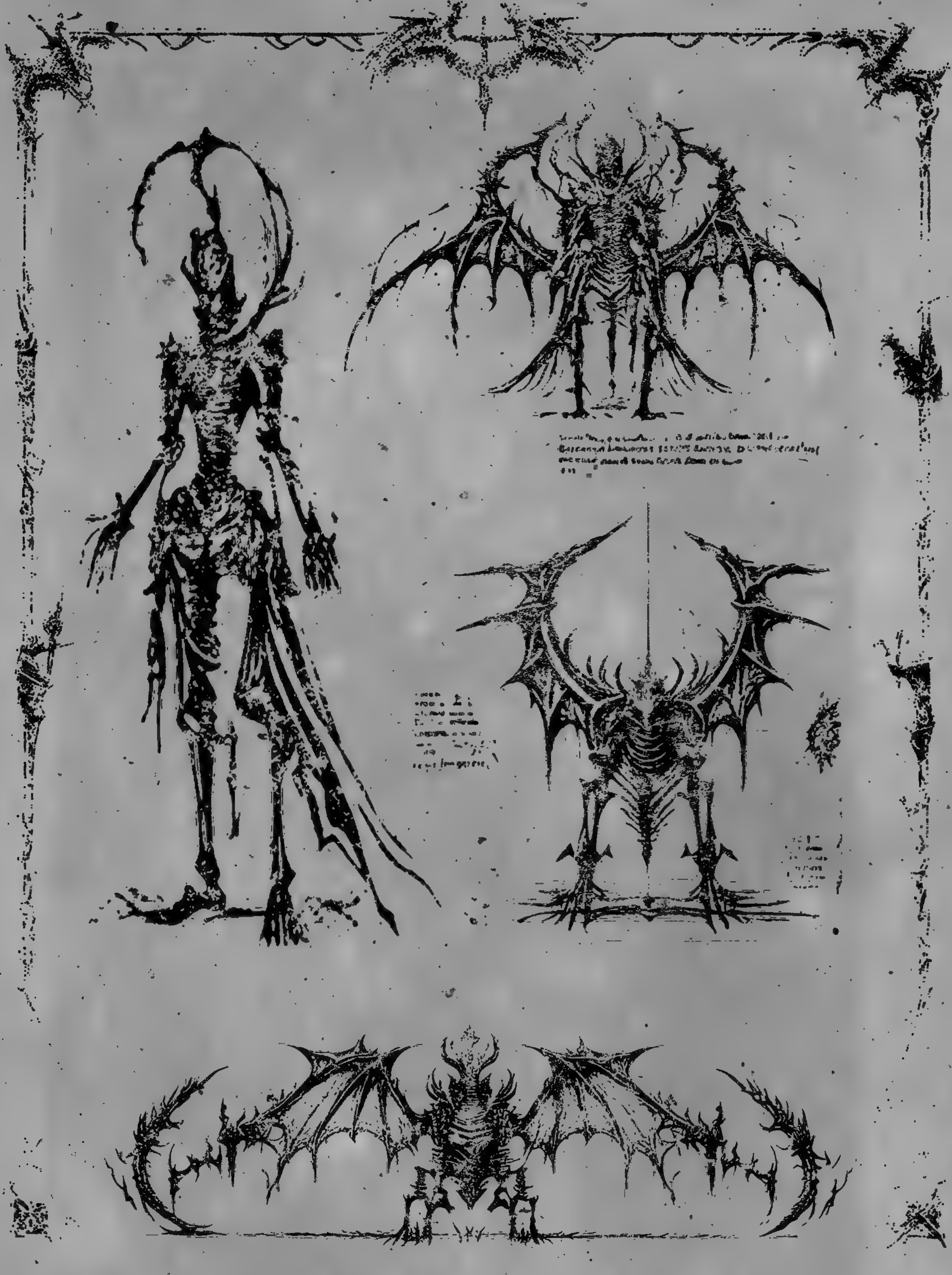


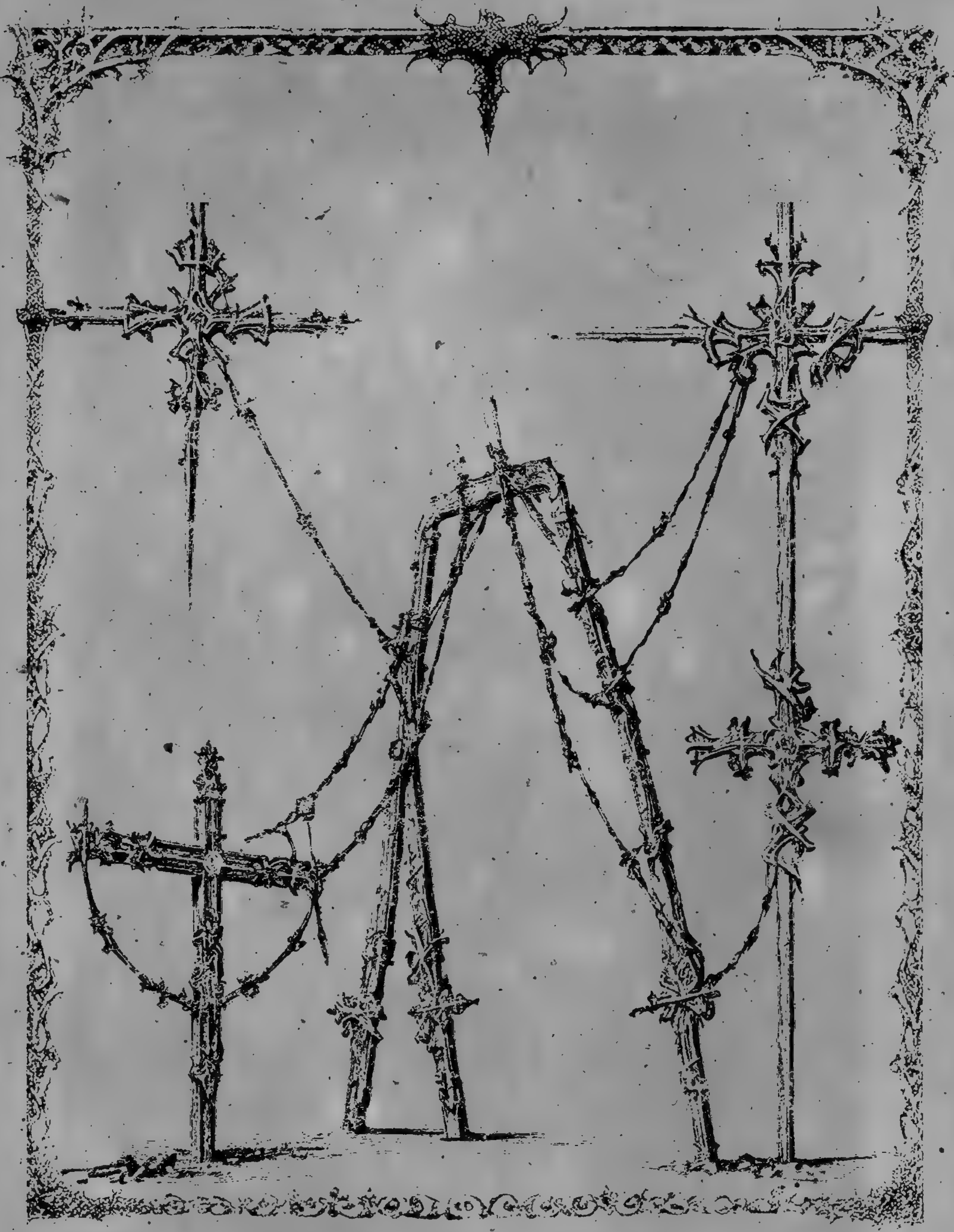






In ruined castles, where the shadows dance,
She glimpses fleeting memories of romance.
A time when joy and laughter filled the air,
Before the darkness laid their hearts bare.





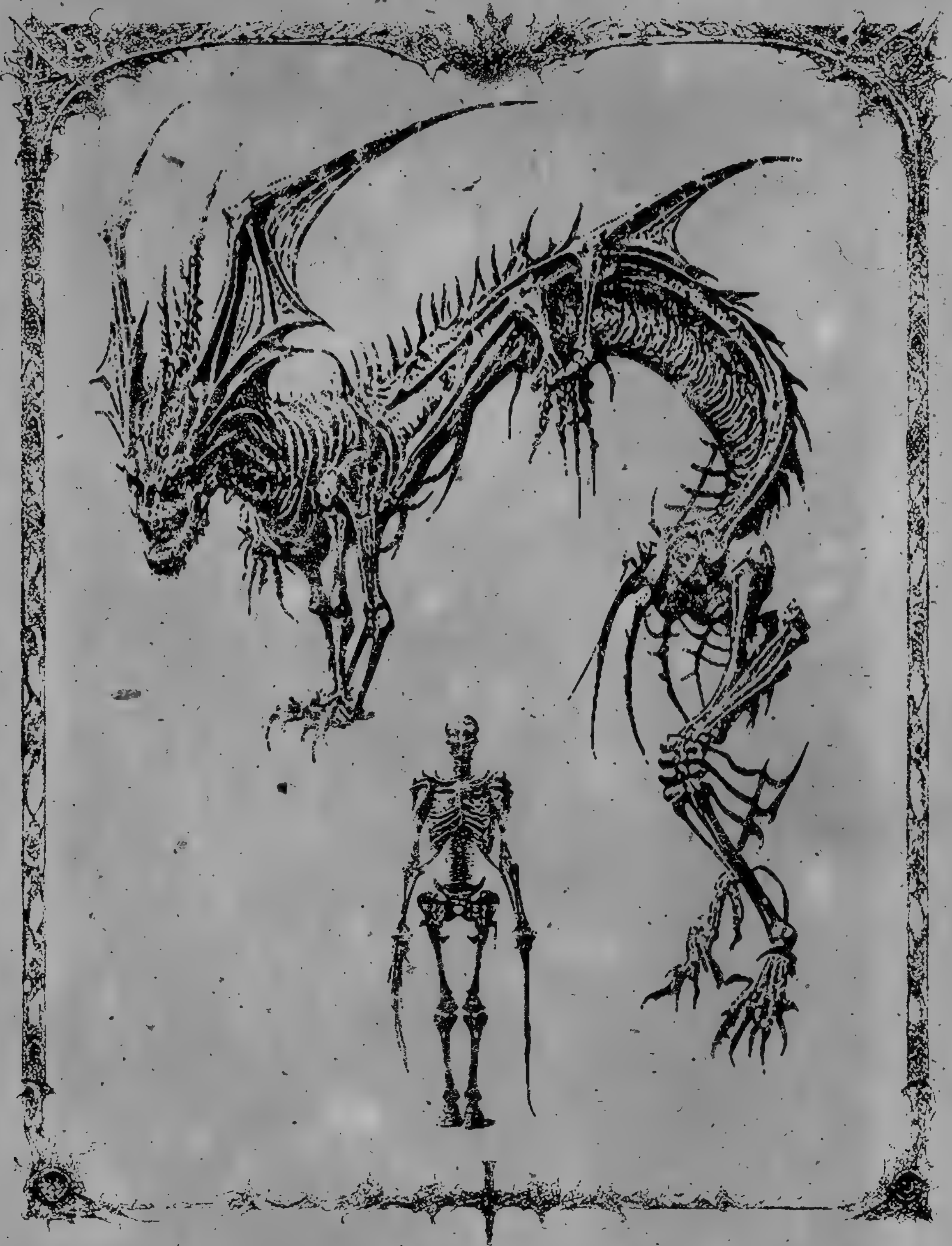


But now, she wanders through this
endless night,
Her spirit weary, yearning for the light.
Each step she takes, a struggle to survive.
In a world where only nightmares thrive.

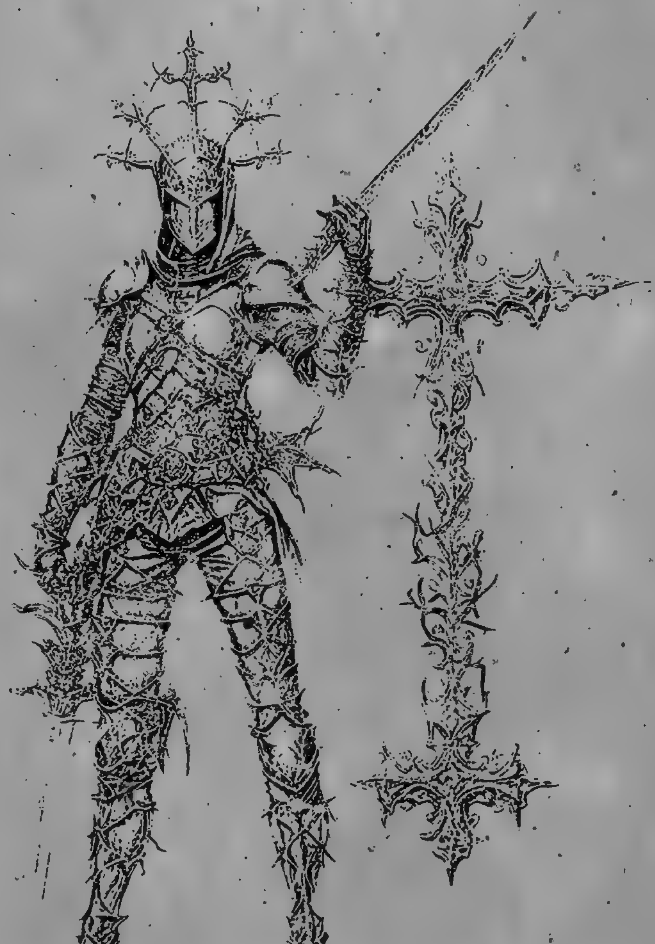








The dragons' roars a constant in her ears,
Their fiery breath igniting all her fears.
Yet still she moves, determined to reclaim,
The remnants of a world consumed by
flame.



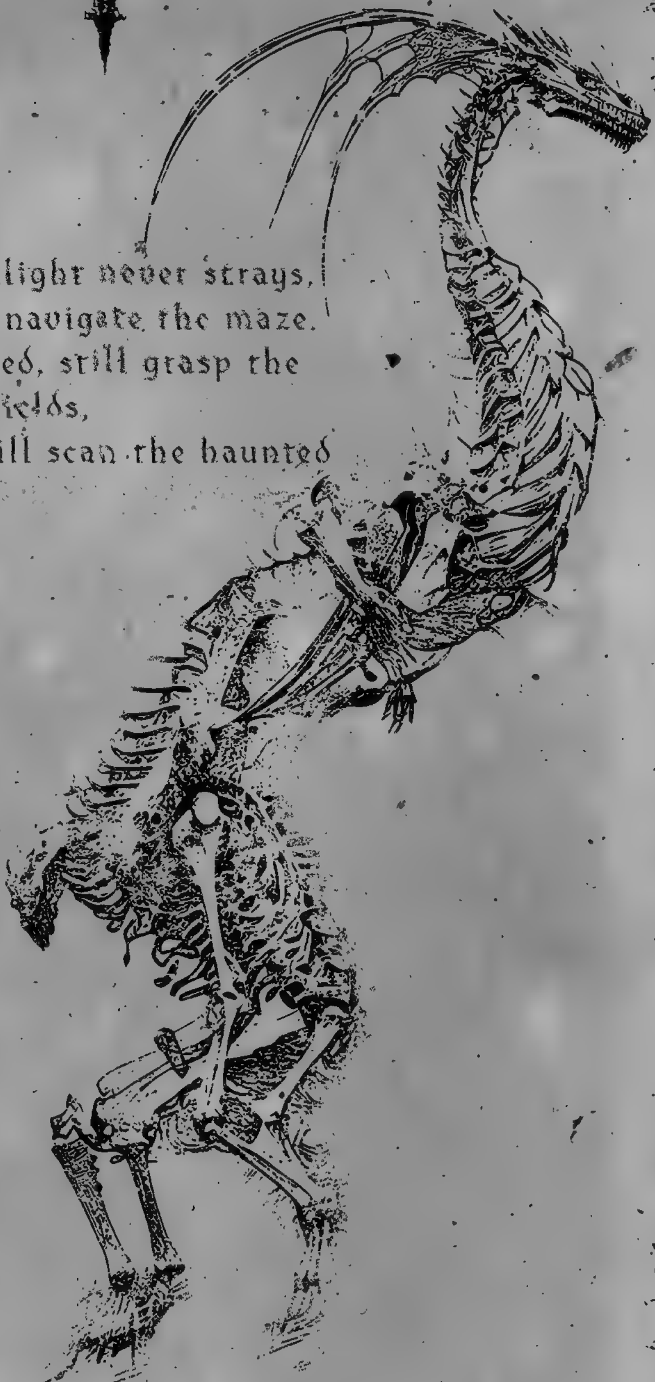


Her path is set through forests dark and deep,
Where twisted roots and ancient secrets sleep.
Among the ruins of a fallen age,
She searches for the key to turn the page.



The queen, a beacon in a land of shade,
Refuses to let her memories fade.
For in her heart, despite the endless gloom,
She holds the hope that life again will bloom.

In caverns where the sunlight never strays,
She finds the strength to navigate the maze.
Her hands, though scarred, still grasp the sword she wields,
Her eyes, though tired, still scan the haunted fields.





Through trials harsh and
battles fierce and grim,
She presses on, her faith now
worn but slim.
For somewhere, in this world
of ash and stone,
She knows a seed of light
remains unsown.







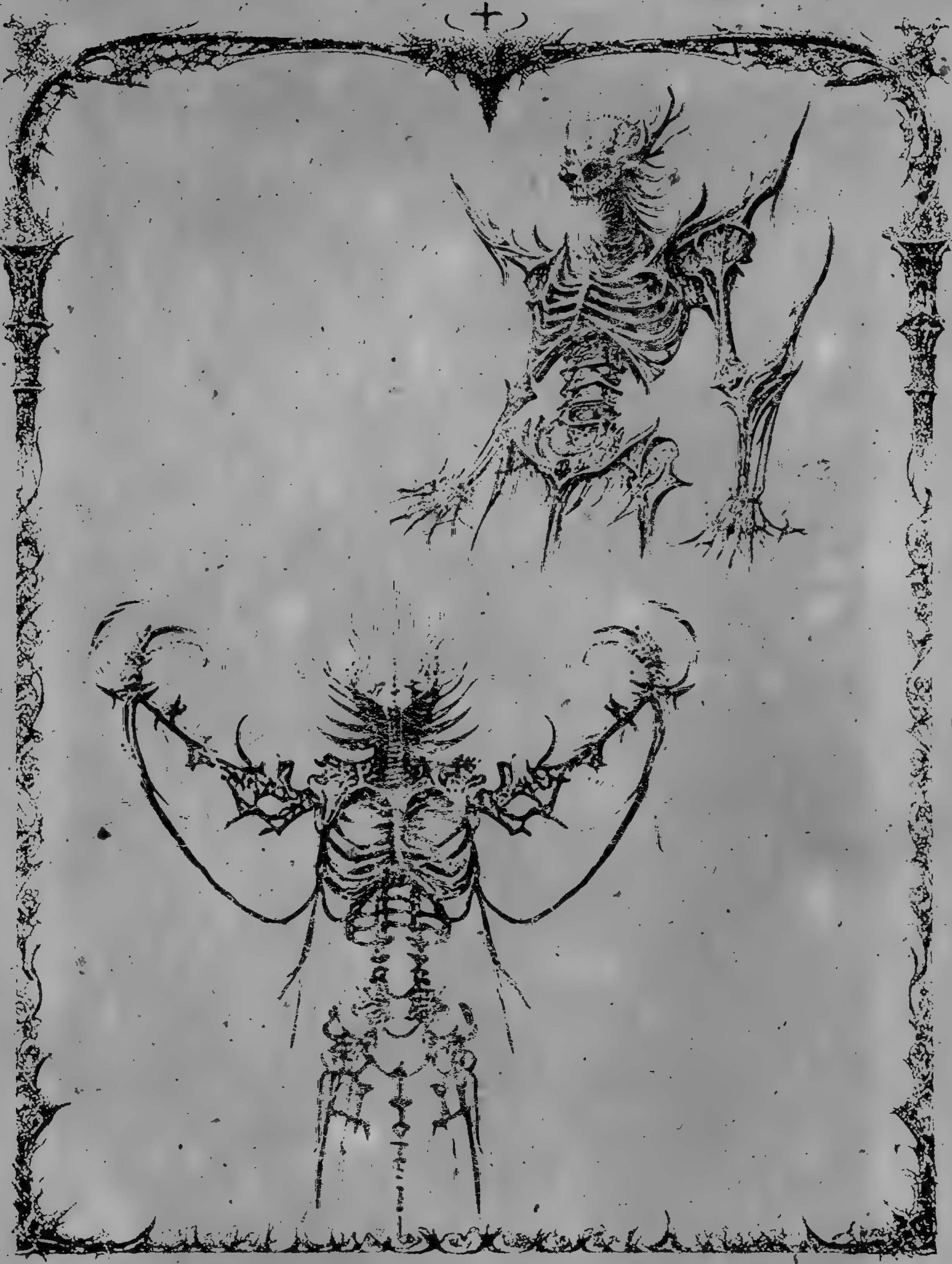




And so she wanders, queen without a throne,
Through lands where only sorrow's seeds are sown.
In search of hope, in search of what was lost,
Prepared to pay whatever final cost.







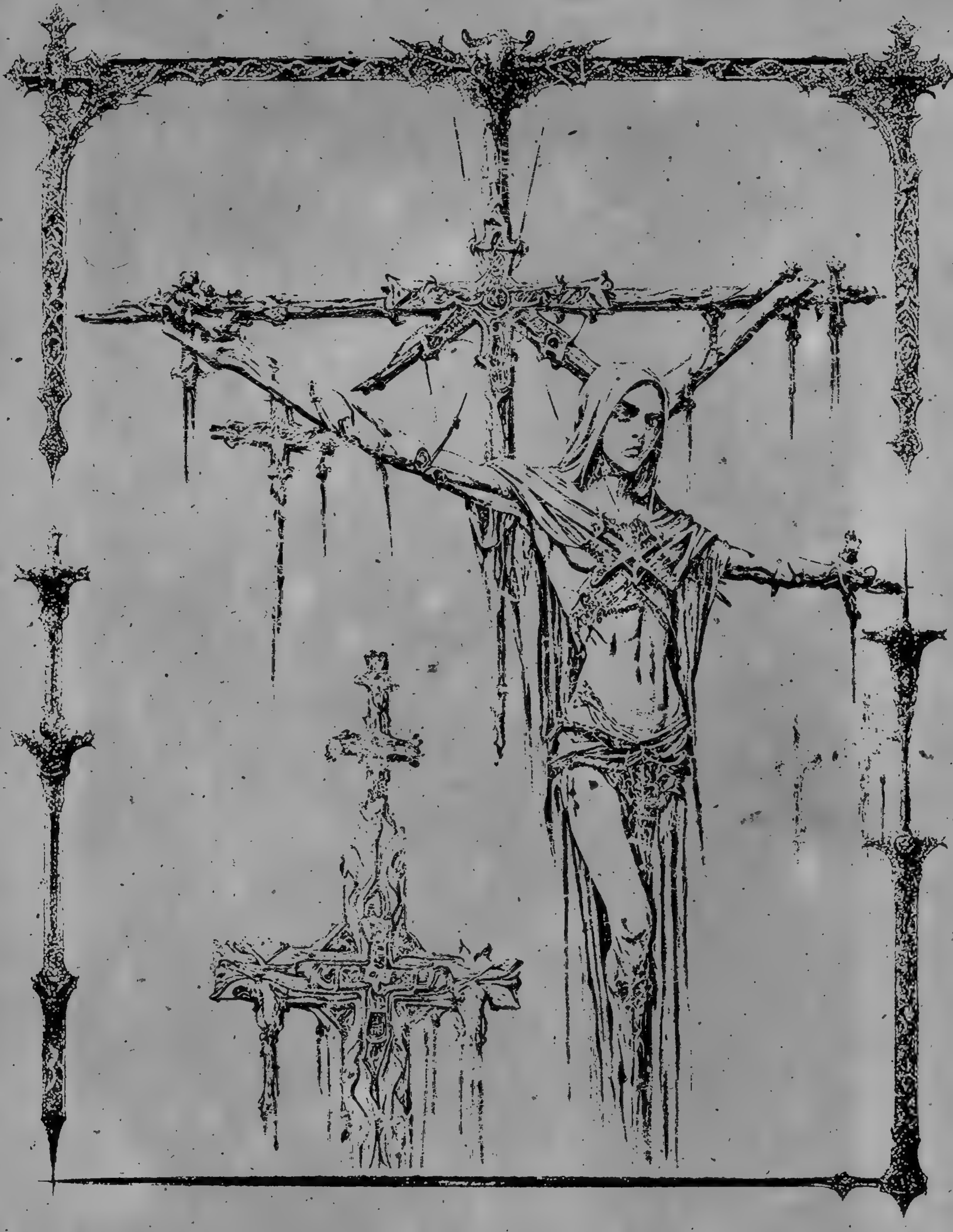
For even in the darkest, bleakest night,
She holds within a spark of burning light.
A whisper of the dawn that may yet break,
A promise of a world she aims to remake.



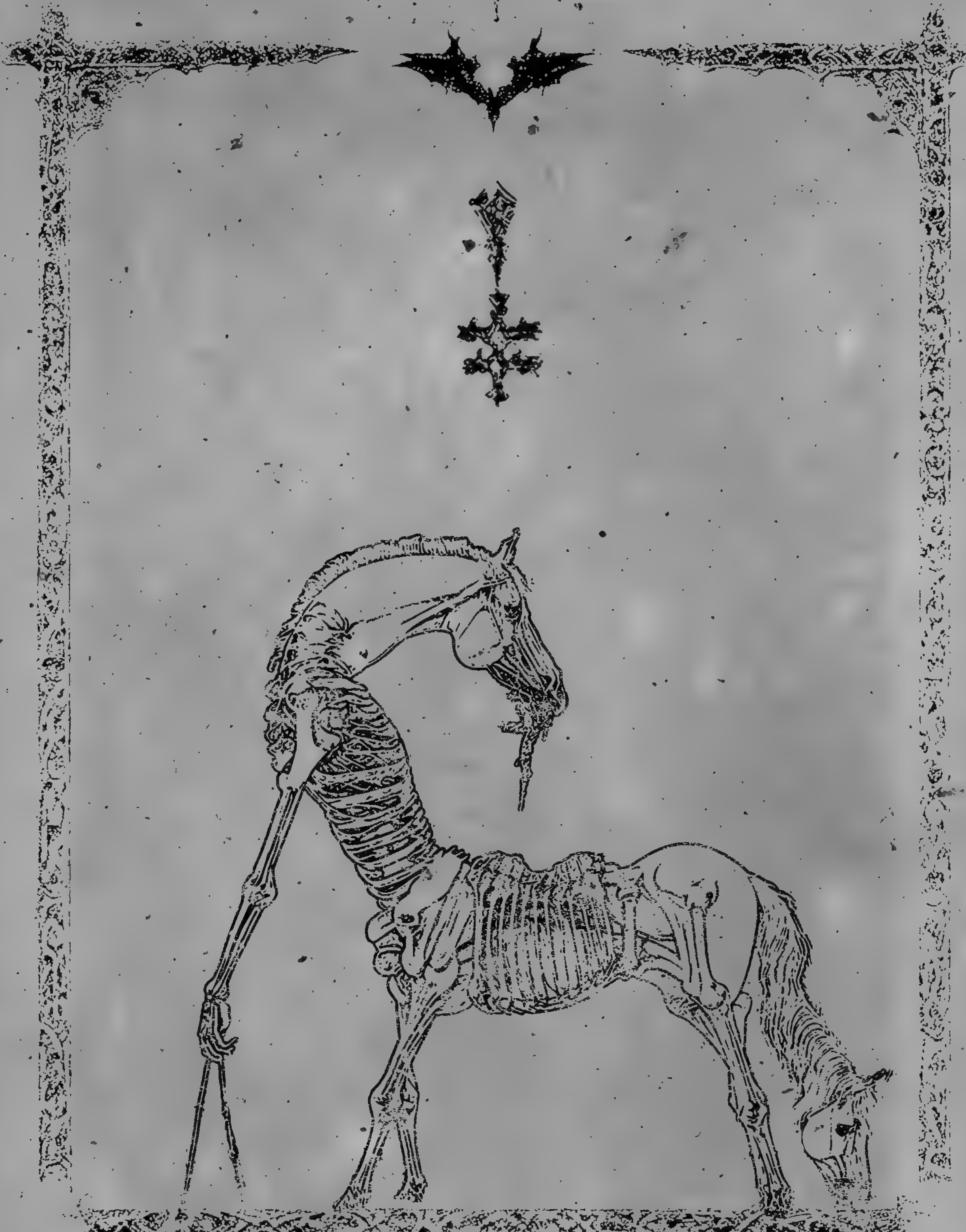
In the shadowed vale where no sun does rise,
Beneath the canopy of starless skies,
A queen does wander, lost but not forlorn,
In a realm where light is waiting to be born.











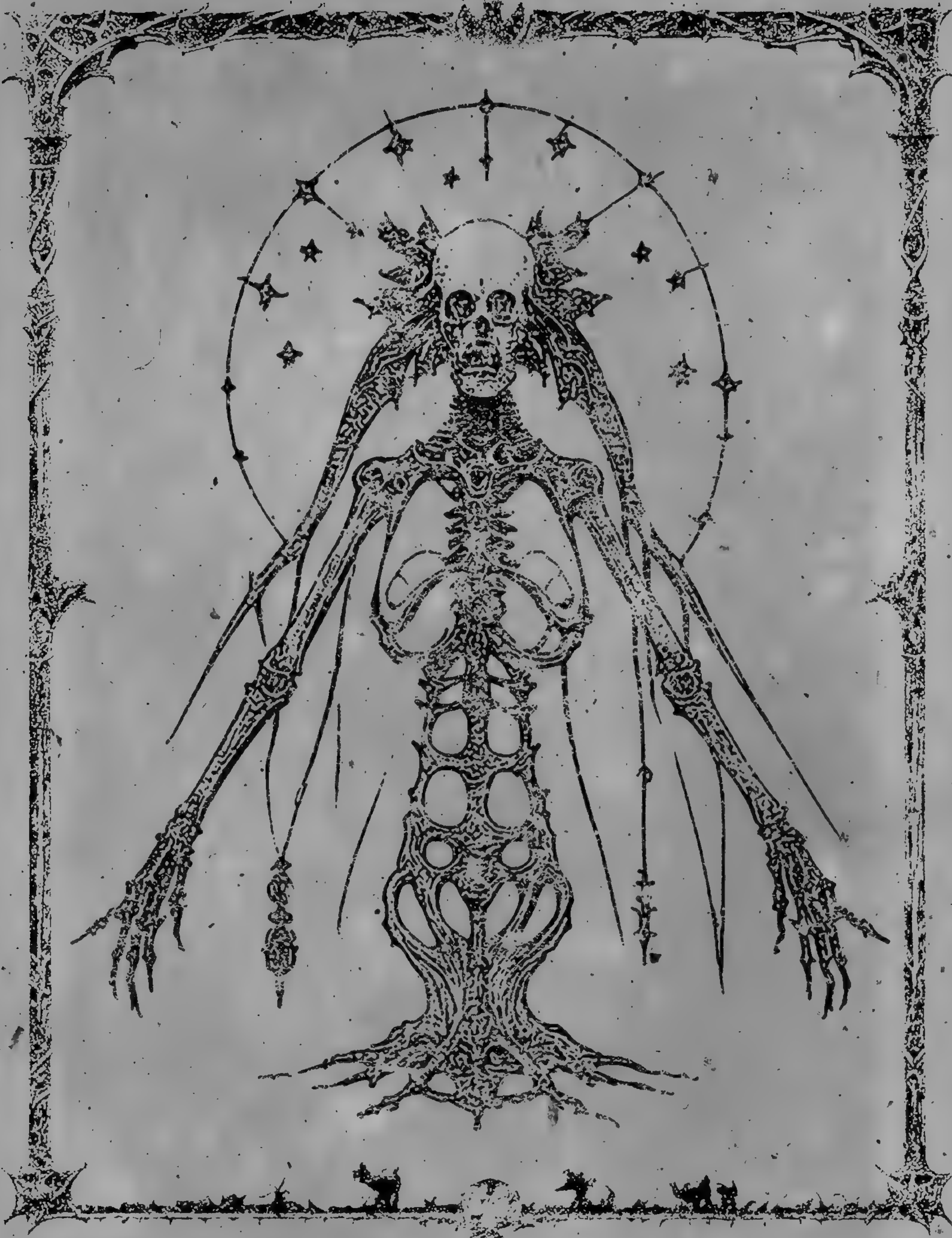

Dedicated
to those
I love
the most

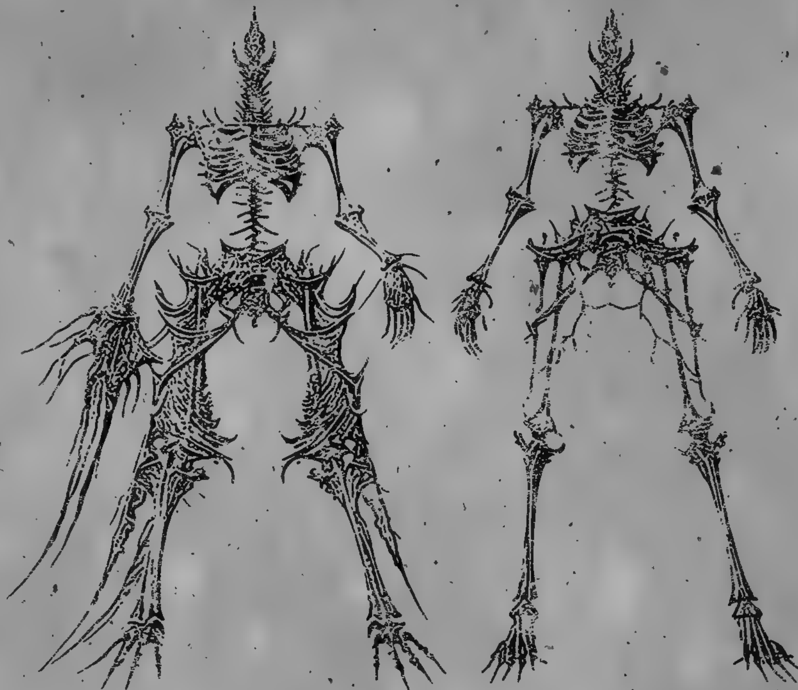






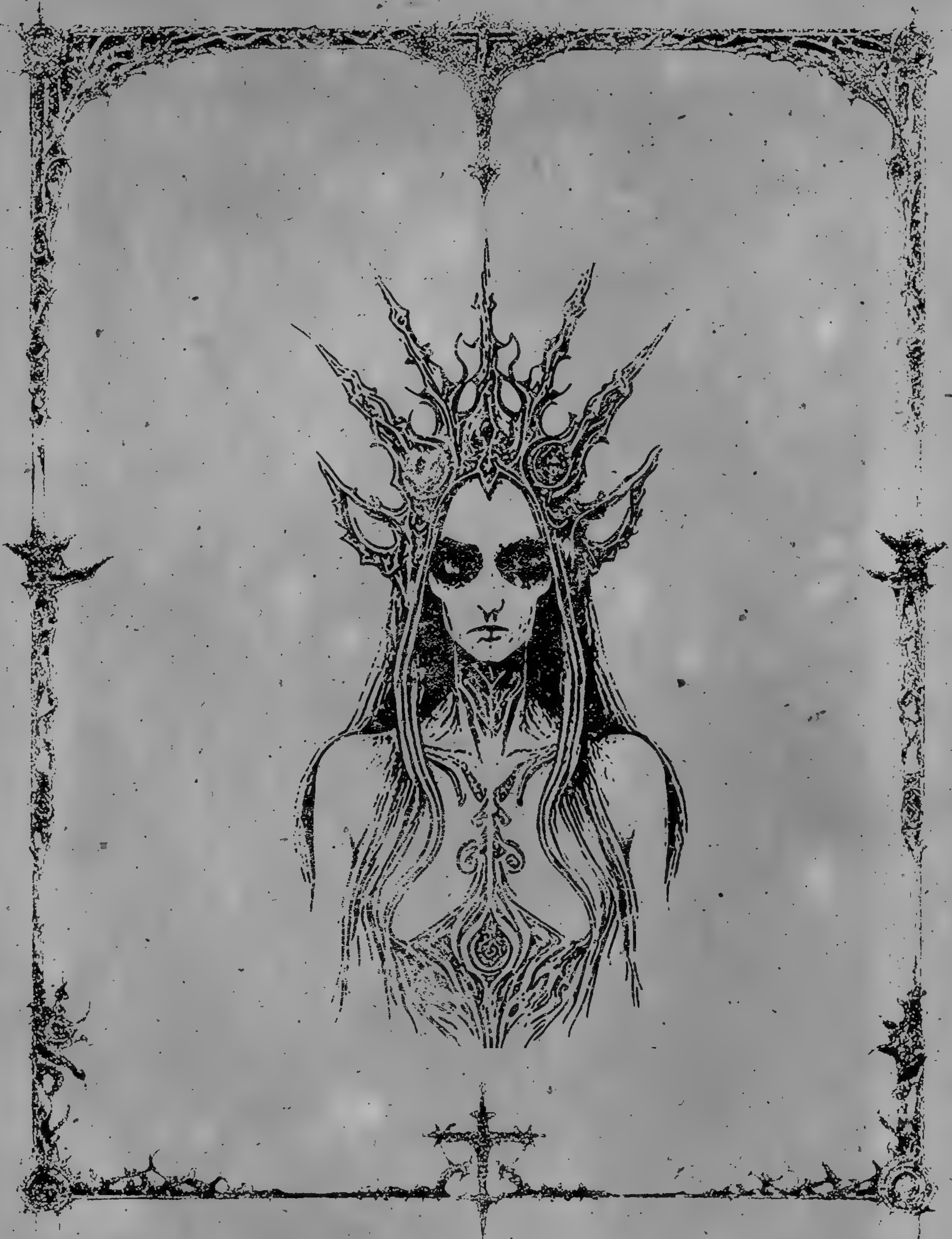




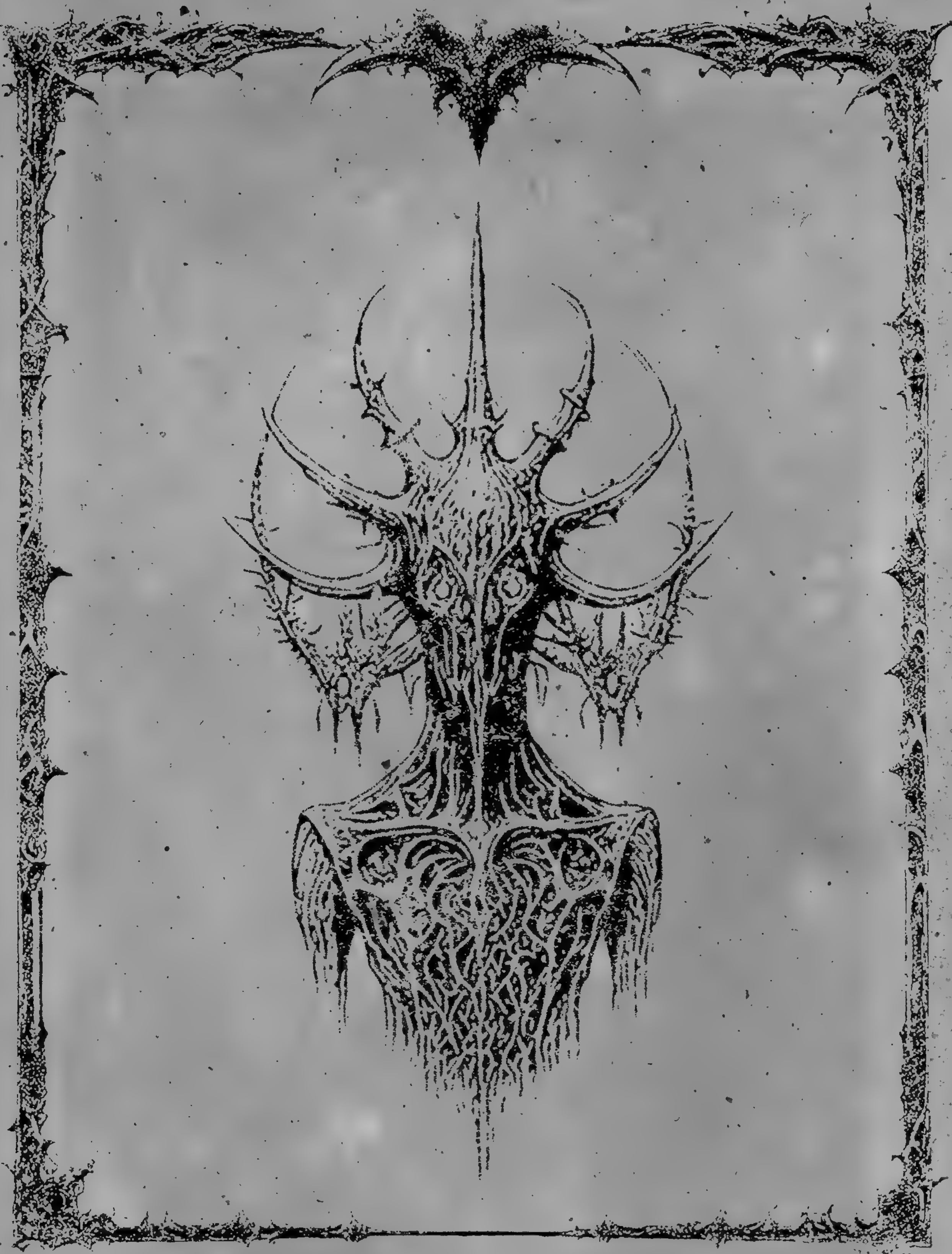


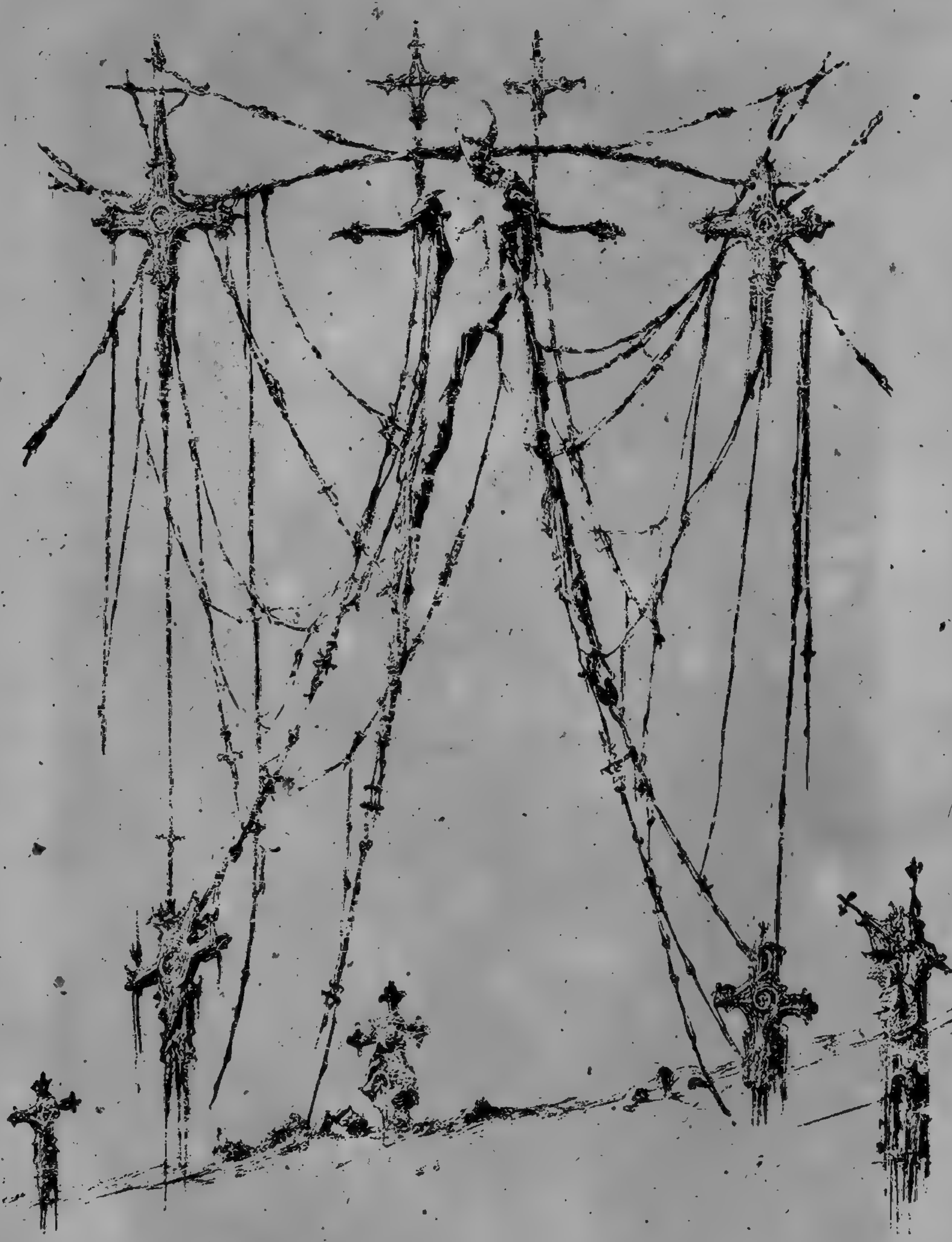




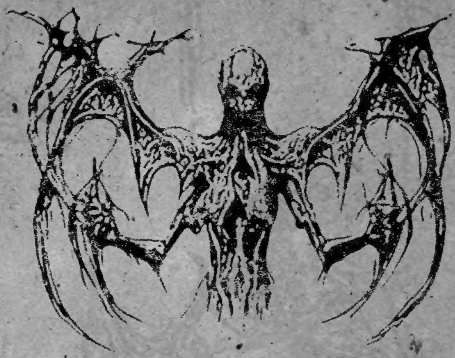









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